

UNIVERSITY CLUB

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for November 21, 1914



Women's War Sacrifices

By May Sinclair



"All at her wheel the village maiden sits—
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."
—Gifford

Times have changed—

Modern woman, too, sits at the
wheel—but she is emancipated
woman.

It is no longer the wheel of labor—
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luxury.

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sponse to the will and hand of
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And they are made just like real struc-

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A. C. GILBERT, President
THE MYSTO MFG. CO.
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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Madame's Thanksgiving

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

OH, but that was a cold day for the end of October! The wind seemed to gnaw the bones as though it had come straight from the North Pole and was ravenous for a good warm meal.

"What blessings I have my furs!" thought Mme. Dejoie that morning, "and can keep myself so snug!" She left the Sixth Avenue "L" and quickly made her way to the Restaurant Dejoie. Halfway from the corner she met little Jules Bruere hurrying to school, his face trying quite successfully to match the color of his slate. By his side trotted his younger brother Victor, stamping his little feet against the pavement to keep them warm.

"Soch skeeny legs!" muttered madame. "Broom handles are plump compare wiv such. I wonder how long since they have had enough to eat!"

Her glance passed to other children, all hurrying in the same direction.

"An' there is il' Jean Benoit, an' Henri Dupuis, an' Corinne Roulet, an' all so many," she reflected. "An' they have no furs, nor not'ing else, to keep them snug—poor unfortunates!" She passed through the doorway of her restaurant and a minute later was looking through the mail. It was the usual grist that comes to a

business mill: prices, bills, and circulars, lightly besprinkled with picture post cards and personal letters. But the letter which made the strongest appeal to madame that morning was a request for funds from a children's society.

The first page of the circular showed a picture of two poor children, entitled "Little Tommy Tupper and His Sister Sue. Thousands of New York children go to bed hungry every night. Are they going to have enough to eat on Thanksgiving?"

"We want to give a Thanksgiving basket to every poor family in the city," continued the circular. "Each basket will contain a turkey, a can of soup, a quart of cranberries, a pumpkin pie, potatoes, onions, coffee, and a box of candy."

"Mum!" reflected madame. "Wiv such a basket any poor family could eat their dinner contently. How I wish I could afford—"

Her wish showed in her eyes as she read: "What your money would do. Four dollars will fill a large Thanksgiving basket, making a family of five persons glad. Twenty dollars will fill five baskets. One hundred dollars will put joy in twenty-five poor homes. Five hundred dollars—"

"Yes, yes, mon Dieu!" muttered madame. "But wiv business as slack as it is, an' M. Dejoie nabbing the sous as fas' as they come in— All the same I will put the letter where I will not forget it. At least I can afford two baskets for il' Tommy Tupper an' his sister Sue, an' maybe— Ma foi!" she broke off. "What is Meester Garner coming so early for?"

A STOUT little man had entered the restaurant. Every day for over eight years he had lunched at Dejoie's, sitting (always) under the oil reproduction of Les Dernières Cartouches, gray, stout, tightly buttoned, and with a military walk not far removed from a strut. This was Mr. Garner, of Garner's Garters, Inc., more generally known to fame perhaps as the Garter King.

"Morning, madame," he began in his usual brisk way.

"Bon jour, m'sieur! You are early. You would like Louis to get you somet'ing?"

"No; I want to speak to you." He stood at the grill in front of her desk (as madame told us afterward), briskly blinking his eyes as though he had something to start and didn't know how to start. "It's a favor I want to ask," he said.

"You want me to translate some more mottoes?"

An incident, that, in the infancy of Garner's Garters, Inc. (which I may some day be allowed to relate in all its wealth of detail), and though the Garter King blushed a little, the question evidently put him more at his ease.

"That was a long time ago, wasn't it?" he smiled. "No; this is something else. I want to know if you'll come over to Long Island to-night and help us out. You've heard of my place on the Sound?"

THE Anchorage was one of the show places of Long Island, although the Beachhurst Hunting Club (adjoining on the south) had the habit of referring to it (when the company wasn't mixed) as the Garterage.

"But, m'sieur," protested madame, "what do you want me to come for?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mr. Garner, choosing his words as though he didn't like them. "Coming back from California last week, Mrs. Garner made the acquaintance of Count de Villiers, a French gentleman. He's visiting us now."

Madame nodded, her curiosity holding her tight. "And is he jealous of her?" she wondered, breathless. "And does he want me to play Bo-Pop?" (Mme. Dejoie meant Bo-Peep, a little mistake, but enough to show how much she was interested.)

"The Count is leaving to-morrow for New Orleans," continued the Garter King. "and to-night we are giving a small dinner party, followed by a dance. I believe Mrs. Garner has sent out two or three hundred invitations to the dance. We shall be all right at the dinner, because

we shall only have family friends. But the ball's different."

"At one they eat; at the other they dance; yes?" He chose his words here with growing difficulty. "There's a crowd over there which regards itself as the society of the place, and, to tell the truth—" The Garter King had taken off his hat and was mopping his forehead—"To tell the truth, they haven't received us very kindly."

"They are jealously, you t'ink?"

"Well, they pretend to have a lot of fun with us. Just to show you what I mean, they refer to Mrs. Garner as the Queen of the Gallups, and to my daughter as Miss Honisolt Q. Malypense."

"Queen of the Gallups?" demanded madame. "I do not know heem."

"Oh, it's all right. Just their fun, you know. But some of them, especially the ladies, are inclined to be a little bit catty, and, in short, my wife's suspicious of the whole lot!"

"So she has not invite' them to the ball? She will damage their feelings—yes?"

"Oh, no, they've been invited, and they may come, if only to see the Count. But the trouble is this: We can't speak French, and we don't want any of that crowd saying mean things about us to the Count and making us look foolish right in



Illustration by Preston 14.

"Soch skeeny legs!" muttered madame.
"Broom handles are plump compare wiv such!"



"Got the necklace?" the first voice continued.
"Yes," said the second, fainter than before

front of our own faces!" Again madame nodded, but this time with the comprehensive gesture of one who says to herself: "I perceive it all now." Aloud she added: "And so—"

"And so I want you to come and be one of our guests to-night—and stay near the Count—and see that we are getting a square deal. No one will know you. You know what I mean."

MADAME reflected, her reflections centering around a certain pink charmeuse, but Mr. Garner interpreted her silence according to another master.

"Of course you'll be put to considerable expense," generously suggested the Garter King.

"Pooh-pooh!" cried the Queen of the Restaurant Dejoie, as royally generous as he. "I am worrying myself!" And then, her eyes falling on that Thanksgiving circular, one of her dynamic ideas began revolving with the usual dizzying speed. "La-la!" she cried. "But if I do the favor for you, will you do the favor for M'l Tommy Tupper an' his sister Sue?"

"For who?" cried Mr. Garner.

She handed him the folder, her finger expressively pointing to the schedule: "What Your Money Would Do."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You help us out to-night and I'll give a hundred dollars for this. How's that?"

"Bon!" cried madame. They settled on trains, arranged that Louis and Marcel should be dispatched to Beechhurst to help the local caterer, and when at last the Garter King departed, relieved at having completed so delicate and difficult a mission, Mme. Dejoie picked up the Thanksgiving circular and wrote on the back: "M. Garner, 25 baskets."

She folded it carefully and placed it in her bag.

MADAME reached Beechhurst at five minutes past nine, accompanied by her two muscular maids.

Louis carried a long cardboard box containing the famous pink charmeuse. Marcel bore a suit case filled with more mysteries than Keller ever dreamed of, more enchantments than the fairies ever knew.

"To-night," madame had mysteriously told us at noon, "I make my debut in the grand monde." To which the faithful had responded: "Vive la debutante!" and "A bas le grand monde!"

The Garner limousine met her at the station, and ten minutes later they grandly rolled in at the entrance of the Anchorage. The closed veranda was lighted with Japanese lanterns, and somewhere in the house a violin and harp were already comparing notes. In the distance rippled the Sound, the moon full upon it, like some gigantic stage property moved by a master hand.

"This is the life!" thought madame. "Spice an' season' for the taste of epicures! This," thought madame, "is where I add some spice to life myself!" Mr. Garner was awaiting her, tightly buttoned but irreproachable in his evening clothes.

"Glad you've come!" he warmly greeted her. "I'll have some one take you to your room." And, looking around, "Oh, Anne!" he called.

A girl of nineteen sauntered gracefully forward over the polished floor, and not one angle of her features or one turn of her body was lost by the innocent eyes of madame.

"Ma foi!" she thought. "I may feel like a character

out of a stor-ee to-night. But here comes one who regard' herself as the whole insides of a book!"

MESSIEURS, messieurs, do you know the Golden Age? And you, madame and mademoiselle, can you name the years which bring the greatest joy?

Then let me tell you my suspicions, which may or may not be confirmed to me as time goes marching on.

The Golden Age lasts just as long as we can thrill a little at the moonlight, dance a little to the Wedding of the Winds, or feel a tender ache at our heart when we hear the Maiden's Prayer. And the joyous years are with us as long as we still have ideals and heroes, heroines, and dreams.

"If I were as young as that again!" thought madame, watching the girl approach. "But perhaps I am—and have only outgrown the pose."

For (truth to tell) Miss Garner did pose a little. The tilt of her head, her drawing grace, the fan which she swung on her chain, the contralto note she was humming with its deep note ever repeated: all were the poses of innocence, signs of that impressionable period when the young are characters from their favorite authors, walking "like a duchess," smiling "rare" or "inscrutable" smiles, and "holding her chin at that adorable angle which always most baffled him." (Whatever that may be!)

"Have you ever met Count de Villiers?" she asked as she went upstairs with madame.

"No; not yet."

"Oh, he's lovely! I simply adore him!"

Madame gave her a sharp look from the tail of her eyes. "Ch-ho!" she thought. "Perhaps here is something else to watch!"

"If all the French noblemen are like him," continued Miss Garner, "I could live an' die in France! So distinguished! So charming!"

"Yes, yes!" muttered madame to herself. "I must keep my eyes peeled!"

"He is teaching me French. Oh, I love him to teach me French!"

"The whole insides of a book! Didn't I know it?"

"This is your room, and I'll have your things sent up at once. *Au revoir*, madame!"

And off she went, "holding her chin at that adorable angle which always most baffled him," and leaving poor madame wagging her head like the pendulum of grandfather's clock.

"SO THAT'S Mees Honisolt," she thought. "Well I bet she keep' them all guessing! But will she fool madame? Not in the life! Swinging her fan and singing *à la boom-boom*! Yes, yes. . . . At her age I had the temperament *romantique*, too. How I use' to wish that Emile would come to see me on a white horse, waving his sword at the nose of all the world!"

A maid brought in the cardboard box and suit case.

"Twenty pas' nine. The dance commence' at half pas' ten. So much time have I got before the other guests arrive. . . . I know what I'll do! Wiv my pink charmeuse I'll give the Count a broken heart! Yes, I will attach him to a string an' keep him all the evening! An' then no one can make those catty remarks, an' if Mees Honisolt is jealous, I can distinguish it an' advise her poppa!"

She slipped off her traveling dress and looked around for a closet.

"So many doors," she thought. "But which is which? This? Is the bathroom. An' this? A balcony. An' this—"

She pushed back the bolt and found herself staring into another bathroom. "A man's!" thought madame, glancing at the dressing table. At her side was a mantel on which a number of letters had been propped against the clock. "Count de Villiers," she read. "Oh, ho! So this is the Count's room—no place for M'l Gaby!" She was just shutting the door when she heard the Count's outer door knob turning. Madame caught one glimpse of a tall masculine figure, and then she had to close the communicating door to hide the light behind her.

FROM the next room she caught the tones of a low voice.

"Everything ready?" it asked.

"Yes," replied a fainter tone.

"Count de Villiers!" commented madame. "But who is she?"

"Got the necklace?" the first voice continued.

"Yes," said the second, fainter than before.

"Anything else?"

"All the jewelry I could find."

"You can give them to me. . . . I'll pack a few



From the next room madame caught the tones of a low voice

things here, and then we'll slip out and nobody will be any the wiser. You be down at the river gate at half past nine. The car's waiting there. You'll find your suit case in the boathouse."

The voices ceased. Madame ran to her outer door, and, opening it a crack, she saw Miss Garner's sauntering figure, heard that deep contralto note.

"*Mon Dieu!*" gasped madame, turning and staring at the clock. "The Count an' Mees Garner are planning to elope! In jus' five minutes! What shall I do?"

Suddenly she threw her dress on again, with an air of intense determination. "What shall I do?" she muttered. "I'll show them what I do!"

SHE ran downstairs in search of Mr. Garner. He had just gone down to the kitchen on an urgent call from the caterer. All the refreshments had arrived but the ices. The ices, however, most strangely had failed to appear. And so—

"Ices!" squealed madame. "Ices at such a time! *Quelle folie!* Tell me: where is the kitchen?"

And almost simultaneously she had passed through the green balize door and was running down the stairs. The caterer was there, perspiring and plainly rattled. The chef was there, calm and secretly pleased. The waiters were there, including Louis and Marcel. The maids were very much in evidence. One glance at the kitchen was enough to reveal that the master of the establishment was not among those present.

"Where is Mr. Garner?" demanded madame, suddenly appearing.

"Gone to the express office, madame," replied Louis, rising.

"He went in his car, madame," added Marcel, rising, too.

"Then you boys come wiv me. You two only," she added, answering a general movement.

THEY hurried outside.

"To a boathouse by the water!" whispered madame. "Queeck!"

They ran over the grass to the distant Sound, and presently a building on the water's edge loomed out of the darkness. It was unmistakably a boathouse with its flag pole and balconied sides.

"We are here first!" panted madame. "Leesten, Louis! You are to stay here conceal' behind this door. Presen'ly a yo'ng lady is coming. As soon as she enters, slam the door an' hold it shut against her! You understand?"

"Perfectly, madame."

"An' if she holler or squeal, tell her you will call the gendarmes. Yes, yes! That will stop her! She may be yo'ng, but she does not want a scandal. You understand?"

"Perfectly, madame," said Louis, and with his usual magnificent impassiveness he hid himself (with dignity) behind the open door.

"An' you, Marcel, come you wiv me!" She picked up an armful of buntings and led him outside. "There's a gate here somewhere, wiv a car in attendance. Yes, here! Soon a gentleman will come to start this car. You t'ink you can hold him?"

"*Au vrai*, madame!" cried Marcel in a hoarse but eager whisper. "I feel so strong to-night!"

"Bon! Hold him, an' roll him in the bonting an' around his head I want you to tie this big Star an'

Stripes—La-la!—what a tableau! It will keep him discreetly silent an' teach him he cannot do such t'ings in the States United. You onderstand, Marcel?"

"With pleasure, madame! I will hide myself beside the car—so—and when he appears to turn on the gas, I will arise with precipitation and seize him delicately by the neck! And if I permit him to make a sound—one sound, madame!—I will eat it! I will eat it, though I choke!" He crouched in the shadows of the machine, as jovial a strangler as you could have found that week on all Long Island. "Fear not, madame!" he hoarsely whispered. "I feel so strong to-night!"

SHE had hardly concealed herself behind a clump of junipers when a masculine figure emerged from the darkness and hurried toward the car. The next moment a silent but lively struggle was in full progress.

The newcomer strove his utmost, but gradually and inexorably he assumed the proportions of a gigantic cocoon, swathed in buntings and subsiding into a state of mummified immobility.

"An' here she comes, the silly moth!" breathed madame. "But she find' the wrong flame!"

The girlish figure had disappeared into the boathouse, and Louis had smartly closed the door and was bracing his knee against it.

"So!" crowed madame. "Marcel!"

"Oui, oui, madame!"

"Stay seated on him until I come again! An', Louis!"

"Yes, madame!"

"Lean hard against the door! . . . An' now for Poppy Garner!" she thought, running up the bank. "I enjoy myself better as expected. How lucky for all that I come!"

WHEN madame reached the house she found it humming like a hive of bees about to swarm, with the queen bee's note particularly in evidence.

"Ah-ha!" she thought. "They have already miss' them! I mus' find Meester Garner an' tell him ver' stric'ly on the side!"

She hurried through the rooms till she came to the library where she found her host at the telephone, surrounded by a circle of indignant friends.

"Hello!" he was shouting. "Hello, Central! The police department! Hurry!"

"No, m'sieur!" cried madame from the doorway. "Wait!"

A famous moment, that, for Mme. Dejoie! "If I on'y had on my pink charmeuse!" she thought. The company had turned, and madame made a gesture which Bernhard would have admired. She advanced to the desk and they made way for her. She whispered to Mr. Garner and the company immediately became all ears to hear, all eyes to watch.

"You need not search any further, m'sieur," she whispered. "I have took them."

"What!" stammered Mr. Garner, turning very red. "You took them?"

"Yes," beamed madame. "I have them safe!"

"What! You've got them safe? You've got them, and you tell me so?"

"An' two men watching!" nodded madame.

Ah, yes, a famous moment—all the company staring with eyes like saucers, or butter plates, to say the very least.

"But, madame!" cried Mr. Garner. "How did you come to take them?"

"By a ruse! Of course my boys help' me, but—la-la!—how easy it was!"

"And you—you confess all this?"

"Confess it?" demanded madame. "An' why not, if you please?"

"You stole my wife's diamonds?" cried the chromatic Mr. Garner, turning from red to blue. "And

went through all the rooms upstairs? And now you come here and confess it?"

"I? Certainly not!" Bernhard wouldn't have been content to admire that gesture. She would have envied it.

"But you said you had taken them, didn't you?"

"Be careful, m'sieur!" whispered madame in growing indignation. You needn't tell all the world, but I did take them—took them both!"

"Took them both?" he cried, inviting apoplexy with open arms. "In Heaven's name, what did you take?"

Madame gave him a haughty glance as though to say: "You asked for the truth; you shall have it." And in a voice that matched her glance she answered him: "What did I take? I have took Count de Villiers an' your daughter, who had started to eloop!"

Exclamations of wonder burst from the company like balls of fire from a cluster of Roman candles. But suddenly these verbal fireworks ceased. An old white-haired gentleman with a spiked mustache and imperial had approached the desk. He was bowing low to madame, his hand upon his heart.

"MADAME," said he, "you mention' my name?"

"Not if I know it, m'sieur."

"A mees-understanding, of course. You have ever see' me before?"

"Never in the life, m'sieur!"

"Exactly. And yet I am Count de Villiers, whom you have just accuse' of eloping with the daughter of my good host!"

This time it was madame's eyes which matched the butter plates.

"But, no, m'sieur!" she gasped. "Count de Villiers is down by the water, enwrapped in the red, white, an' blue! Me muffle him tight jus' before we lock' Mees Garner in the boathouse."

"But Miss Garner's upstairs!" cried the utterly flabbergasted Garter King. "I saw her not two minutes ago. Will somebody go and tell her I want to speak to her?"

Madame knew she had put her foot in it the moment she saw the girl, even though the romantic Miss Garner had tears in her eyes and had long since ceased to hum.



An old white-haired gentleman with a spiked mustache and imperial had approached the desk. . . . "I am Count de Villiers, whom you have just accuse' of eloping with the daughter of my good host!"

"They've taken my pearl necklace, too," she announced as she entered. "And Mrs. Jenkins's rings. And Mrs. Farley's bracelet and watch."

"What!" cried madame in sudden enlightenment. "You had t'ieves upstairs to-night? Then—jarni-bleu!—I have them truss' like broilers! Come, m'sieurs!"

Out of the door went Mme. Dejoie like a guiding flash of lightning. They followed her down the veranda steps with a noise like avenging thunder.

AFTER the prisoners had been searched, the ladies hurried back to the house to take an inventory of the recovered jewelry.

"There's my diamond necklace! Oh, glory!" And

Mrs. Garner gave madame a hug that made her whale-bones crack.

"Here's one of my rings! And here's another! And there's my bar! You dear, you, how on earth did you do it!"

"My wrist watch!"

"Oh, my gold bag!"

"Oh, my pearls!"

BIT by bit the glittering display grew less until nothing was left but a magnificent ruby pendant with a platinum setting and chain.

"An' whose is this?" asked madame. The ladies looked at each other with greedy little glances while the ruby winked at them all indiscriminately.

"Mrs. Stuyvesant had a robbery at her place last night," said a very thin lady with an inquisitive nose.

"Mrs. Stuyvesant?" whispered Mrs. Garner, and she spoke the name in the tone of respect which is due to society's queen.

"I believe she has a ruby pendant," said Inquisitive Nose.

Mrs. Garner and her daughter exchanged glances. "Let's telephone her. If it's hers, she might—she might even come over."

They ran to the library and Miss Garner picked up the telephone. After a conversation, every word of which was breathlessly followed by her mother, Miss Garner hung up the receiver and announced:

"Mrs. Stuyvesant is simply delighted! The pendant was her mother's, and she hasn't slept a wink since it was stolen. I told her we were going to give a dance to-night, and what do you suppose?"

"She's coming over!" burst out Mrs. Garner.

"Yes! She's coming over, and she asked if she could bring a few friends!"

MOTHER and daughter fell into each other's arms, and, taking advantage of this joyful embrace, they waltzed a few steps of one of the modern dances.

"They have arrived!" whispered mother in daughter's ear, speaking almost in tones of awe.

"Isn't it lovely!" whispered daughter. "And no one to thank but that glorious Mme. Dejoie!"

THE next morning madame reached her restaurant early, walking briskly with the air of one who has a pleasant service to perform. She telephoned the Thanksgiving chairman of the children's society to send her a representative at once, and then, smoothing the folds of the Tommy Tupper circular which she took from her bag, she read:

"Meester Garner, 25 Thanksgiving baskets. That was to go an' chaperone the Count.

"Meester Garner, 25 more. For catching the robbers, of course.

"Meesis Garner, 50 baskets. Because she get her jewelry back, an' her guests' as well.

"Mees Garner, 25 baskets. That was because

Meesis Stuyvesant came to the ball an' bring her son an' all so many friends.

"Meesis Stuyvesant, 50 baskets. For getting her ruby pendant.

"Count de Villiers, 5 baskets. For mistaking him to be y'ong enough to eloop!

"Meesellaneous ladies an' gentlemen, 28 baskets, as an attestation d'honneur."

She added the total with an exulting pencil, exclaiming then:

"Two hund'ed an' eight Thanksgiving baskets for ze hongry Tommy Tupper! Two hund'ed an' eight Thanksgiving baskets for the li' sister Sues! How good it make me feel to do it! *Grâce à Dieu*, what a lot I have to be t'ankful for this year!"

THE WORK OF WAR

AFTER the first exodus from Paris I thought that all business was ended, so I began to

hunt a way of getting into the fun. As I am unfit physically for service in the army, I could not enlist, so it was up to me to find a way of getting in without engaging. My first move was to apply for a position as chauffeur with the French Aviator Corps, furnishing my own car. At the time I applied, Captain Lucia, Commandant of St. Cyr French Army Aviation Headquarters, informed me that for the moment he had more cars than he knew what to do with, but that in three or four days he would need more, and would then send for me.

I returned to Paris, and several days passed without any message. When I had begun to think they would not need me at all I learned through a friend, an aviator, that since I had made my application there had been three men in charge—the first two having been ordered to the front or transferred.

This is typical of conditions during the first three weeks of the war. Nothing was definite or settled for more than a day at a time.

Finally I decided that the only way to do was to make application to field headquarters direct, on the battle field, which I managed to do. It was the law that no civilians should leave Paris in the direction of the army, and the sentries were instructed to turn back all others; passes were issued to no one, not even Senators; to be caught within the army zone was to risk execution as a spy; even if the captive could prove his innocence, he risked imprisonment. However, I finally formulated a plan and secured papers that would get me through.

The First Dash

SEPTEMBER 8.

ABOUT five this afternoon an Englishman came in and wanted to know if he could rent a car to go out toward the firing line. He said that he was acting as a courier for an American mining engineer who had come over for his family, and, after taking them to London, had more time than he knew what to do with before returning to New York so they had returned to see, if possible, some of the fighting. After looking over their papers and finding that they were responsible people, I decided to take them with me.

SEPTEMBER 9.

Left Paris 9 a. m. Went direct to Melun, through which town I passed two days ago and found the entire rear guard of the British force, including over seventy planes. On the way out we were stopped by innumerable sentries, but as my papers were O. K. we tooted right on without more than a momentary halt. For the first fifty kilometers I had to slow down at every crossroad because of trenches and barricades. We passed through Melun without stopping and saw just enough English troops to encourage our going on. On arriving at Montereau we found French troops, and when I questioned them they said they were out hunting German strays who had been left behind on the retreat of the Germans. Many of these were able easily to keep on the advance, but their endurance was spent when the retreat started, and they dropped out. (Later on, the hunting of strays became quite a sport for those attached to headquarters. When a number of us would get time we would shoulder our guns and, if a forest were near, would go hunting, and the sport was quite as exciting and dangerous as that of hunting lions or tigers.) Had lunch at Montereau and started back to Melun with the intention of turning north there, so as to keep at the rear of the English forces. A few kilometers out of Montereau we came upon a number of English stragglers having a hot argument with a French officer. I stopped and offered my services as interpreter. The officer began by making a few remarks about the lack of appreciation on the part of the English. Then he asked me to tell the English boys to go easy and stop at all sentry posts, because in the forest through which they were passing were

Personal Narrative of an American Volunteer

an interpreter with the British forces, and invited us to accompany him to headquarters, where we would be permitted to explain our nearness to the scene of operations.

When I assured him this was exactly what I had been trying to do all day he became friendly and informed us that he was the Marquis de Villeneuve, spoke seven languages, had been through five wars, was a blood relation of the King or Queen of Greece—I don't just remember which—and that he was the hardest worked interpreter in the army, in which fact he gloried. By the time this interesting inventory was complete we arrived at the headquarters of the third army of the British expeditionary forces, under the command of General Smith-Dorrien, quartered in a magnificent château in the center of the forest. Here I was invited to descend, enter, and explain.

Accepted

WHEN I said I had come to offer my services and my car the atmosphere immediately grew more friendly, for they told me that an hour before I arrived a shell had hit a car standing in front of the château and put it completely out of business. They accepted me on the spot and I was assigned to Major Newbigging, Chief of Signal Service of the British forces. They even demurred a little when I told them I would have to return to Paris to get some clothes and arrange my affairs. I said I could be back in a day, and received a pass good through the military lines. After deciding on a place where they could write the name of the next headquarters, I left. They advised me to buy a uniform, as they would otherwise have to give me the uniform of a dead soldier. I didn't object to wearing the clothes of a dead man, but when shown said clothes and the dirt and other things that would accompany them, I decided perhaps I had better buy one.

Before leaving I had the opportunity of finding out what would have been our fate had we been ordinary seekers after adventure or news. Seeing several men in civilian dress, I started to approach them, but was halted by a sentry and informed that these men were probably reporters or war correspondents, though they denied the charge. Their explanations were, however, not accepted, and they were held prisoners and were not allowed to talk to anyone outside the army. In cases of this kind, prisoners are tried as soon as possible, and if able to give a fairly good explanation are sent to the rear for further investigation. If they are unable then to prove their innocence, they are shot.

Souvenirs of Carnage

SEPTEMBER 10.

ICLOSED things up and left Paris at 5 p. m., arriving at the yesterday's headquarters just before dark. It was deserted, and, as the Germans had used it as headquarters three days ago, I decided to look it over. Mirrors and furniture were smashed, pictures and tapestry slashed and destroyed. (I might mention here that several days later, in another château, a German officer had the effrontery to cut a picture out of a frame and replace it with one of himself and family.)

I started for the town given as new headquarters, but had gone but a few hundred yards when I began to come upon dead horses, smashed wagons, gun carriages, and trees completely cut in two by shell fire. These were my first souvenirs of actual fighting. I had to light

my headlight at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, as that town was named as next headquarters. I had the good luck to meet an old man who knew the town and country, and asked him where headquarters were. He directed me to a château overlooking the valley. It was deserted, so I started out again.

I had to cross the river Marne, and started over a bridge, but had to pull up, all brakes set. The bridge was blown up. Then from below came a shout in English. I backed off and ran down through a field and had to wait at one end of a pontoon bridge while a captured German car was pushed across, its



By John Robert Clarke

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS FANCHER

a large number of Germans, cut off from retreat, and as the English and German uniforms bore some slight resemblance to each other, sentries were apt to shoot first and question afterward.

With the Help of the Good Marquis

FROM Melun, northeast, we have passed through country that was occupied by the two armies, both in advance and retreat. The casual observer would not see anything unusual along the road until about twelve kilometers before La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. Here we began to come upon camps and signs of recent fighting. At Crécy, where we stopped to question the townspeople, we could hear the roaring of artillery. This, probably because of the rush of wind in the car, we had not noticed until we stopped. My wind shield was broken by the butt of a sentry's gun several nights ago on the return from Tours. People at Crécy say that over one hundred thousand Germans



We came upon a number of English stragglers having a hot argument with a French officer. The officer began by making a few remarks about the lack of appreciation on the part of the English

passed through the town in two days. They either took or broke everything they could lay their hands on, but that ended it.

While we were talking with the people, what appeared to be a cavalryman rode up. From his uniform it would be impossible to tell to which army he belonged, as part was French, part English, and the rest Heaven only knows what. He said he was

gas tank having been pierced by a bullet. It was now dark as pitch, and one of my headlights quit work, so I took advantage of a hotel on the road and stopped for the night.

I went into the café after putting the car up and found a motley collection. There was a vacant place at the table, at which sat a French soldier and a chauffeur and a man who might have been an Apache, but turned out to be the proprietor. I took the vacant place with the permission of the others, and was startled to be addressed in good English by the French soldier. He was equally surprised when I replied in French: "Vive la France et l'Angleterre." Then when I stated that I was an American, the whole house came down.

Depopulated

THEN came the usual history of destruction and abandonment, with this difference: that for three days everyone who remained lived in cellars while the town was shelled first by the English, then by the Germans. Out of a population of perhaps 10,000 not more than 200 remained. This explains the mile of refugees that one meets to the north.

Then I was shown to my room, in which everything is spotlessly clean in spite of the fact that I was told the Germans made a mess of everything. However, since the Germans were driven out, the women have done nothing but clean up.

Insignia of Flight

SEPTEMBER 11.

I GOT up at 4 a. m.; no breakfast; arrived at British headquarters at 4.45. This is a château near Cocherel. I had breakfast of tea, ham, and bread, finishing just in time to help capture three Germans within one hundred yards of staff headquarters. These men might have wrought terrible havoc had they had the fighting temperament of the French or the thinking heads of the English, but they are Germans! They put up a scrap and about one hundred shots were fired, but no one was hurt. One of these men is a Death Head Hussar, who says the German Crown Prince is not dead, as reported, but was with the army two days ago.

The most surprising thing to my mind are the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of smashed bicycles to be seen on the battle field and along the line of retreat, showing clear signs of a running fight all the time. The roads are in remarkable condition considering the troops, artillery, and motor trucks that have passed over them. It is only in this part of France that the people were unable to get in the grain harvest, and here you can tell by the scattered wheat shocks where a part of the army stopped to rest or eat.

We are constantly picking up Germans who have been forced to drop out on account of the fatiguing marches, a repetition of the retreat from Belgium, only that the sides are reversed. On the retreat from Belgium the Germans could have taken 100,000 pris-

oners if they had been a little quicker in their advance. Troops marched day and night. A company would march until forced by exhaustion to rest, would fall by the road, and, if not taken prisoners, would catch up next day. We left Cocherel about 7.30 and advanced about twelve miles north of Cocherel.



While we were talking with the people what appeared to be a cavalryman rode up. From his uniform it would be impossible to tell to which army he belonged. Later he informed us that he was the Marquis de Villeneau, the hardest worked interpreter in the army

Passing over the battle field of yesterday, any number of dead Germans are to be seen, but not an Englishman. Dead horses are lying everywhere. Seven guns and 1,000 prisoners are reported taken. The army has advanced sixty kilometers in two days, but as the men and horses pass they look as fit as can be. No tobacco or matches are to be had, as we are going through country that has been ravaged by the Germans, and they left nothing that was worth taking. Matches are so precious that a man commits a serious offense if he strikes one for himself alone. Even the officers ask the men if they are ready before striking one. Had beef, oatmeal, hard-tack, a piece of cheese, and a pear for lunch. Left Bois Conlombs about 2 p. m., advanced to Noroy for night. At La Ferté-Milon I had to make a detour because the bridge was blown up by Germans this morning, and the temporary bridge was not thought safe enough for the auto. The town, as usual, was cleaned of all food. Just as it came on evening there was heavy gun firing about three kilometers to the front. The report to staff officers is that a convoy of fifty motor trucks was cut off and taken. It rained most of the day, but we made about thirty-five kilometers advance. Troops are marching day and night, just as on the retreat—but what a difference in the spirit of the men!

Another thing that seems odd to me is that in the English army each man is his own cook. There is no company cook. Each man is a unit in himself, perfectly independent, and expected to be capable of looking after his own wants.

The View from a Wheat Stack

SEPTEMBER 12.

IT RAINED all night. I slept in the kitchen with a squad of eight and got up at 4.30 to work on the car. Off at 10 a. m. We advanced twenty-one kilometers in two hours, always half on and half off the road, passing troops, cavalry, and artillery all the way. Five army corps of English are sandwiched between the French. At about 11.30, just as we arrived at the head of our army, the Germans cut loose with their artillery. What a change! We hunted the cover of a wheat stack and had the chance to see an army go into action. First the dash of officers to the front, seeking positions, then signaling back to the troops; the artillery leaving the roads, cutting across the fields; the forming of a battery, then their going into action. It was as though we had run square up against a wall, and as though everyone was spreading out looking for a hole through which to crawl. About 12 it started raining, with a cold wind to make it worse. We sat until 5.30 p. m. and watched the battle. I could see the Germans' shells breaking along a line of over fourteen kilometers. They are making a very determined stand.

General French came up and stayed about two hours. It was rumored that he was complimenting General Smith-Dorrien for his astuteness in getting out of the hole at Mons. For the night we pulled into a château about seven kilometers from Soissons.

The artillery was still at it. I had tea, and at 9 p. m. carried a dispatcher back to the first army and another to the main field telegraph office. It rained all the time.

The work of carrying dispatchers and dispatches is a duty of the motorcycle squad, but the rain and mud have put all the belt-driven machines out of business, and there are only two out of forty motorcycles with us that are chain driven.

We met several companies of cavalry and infantry going in the wrong direction. They had no idea of where they were. I stopped them and gave the right direction.

Under Fire

WE FORM part of the rear guard and have been marching all day to catch up. I thought I had made the right turning, but I don't know now where I am, and the men are all in. I have my orders, but am going to put the men up here even if I lose my commission. I don't care now. I am fed up with this.

We turned in about 12.15. The shell fire this afternoon and evening has evidently fired some town to the left of Soissons, perhaps even Soissons itself (this fire turned out to be a big beet-sugar plant in a suburb of Soissons), for the sky is brightly lighted, as though by a great fire. Artillery is still at it.

SEPTEMBER 13.

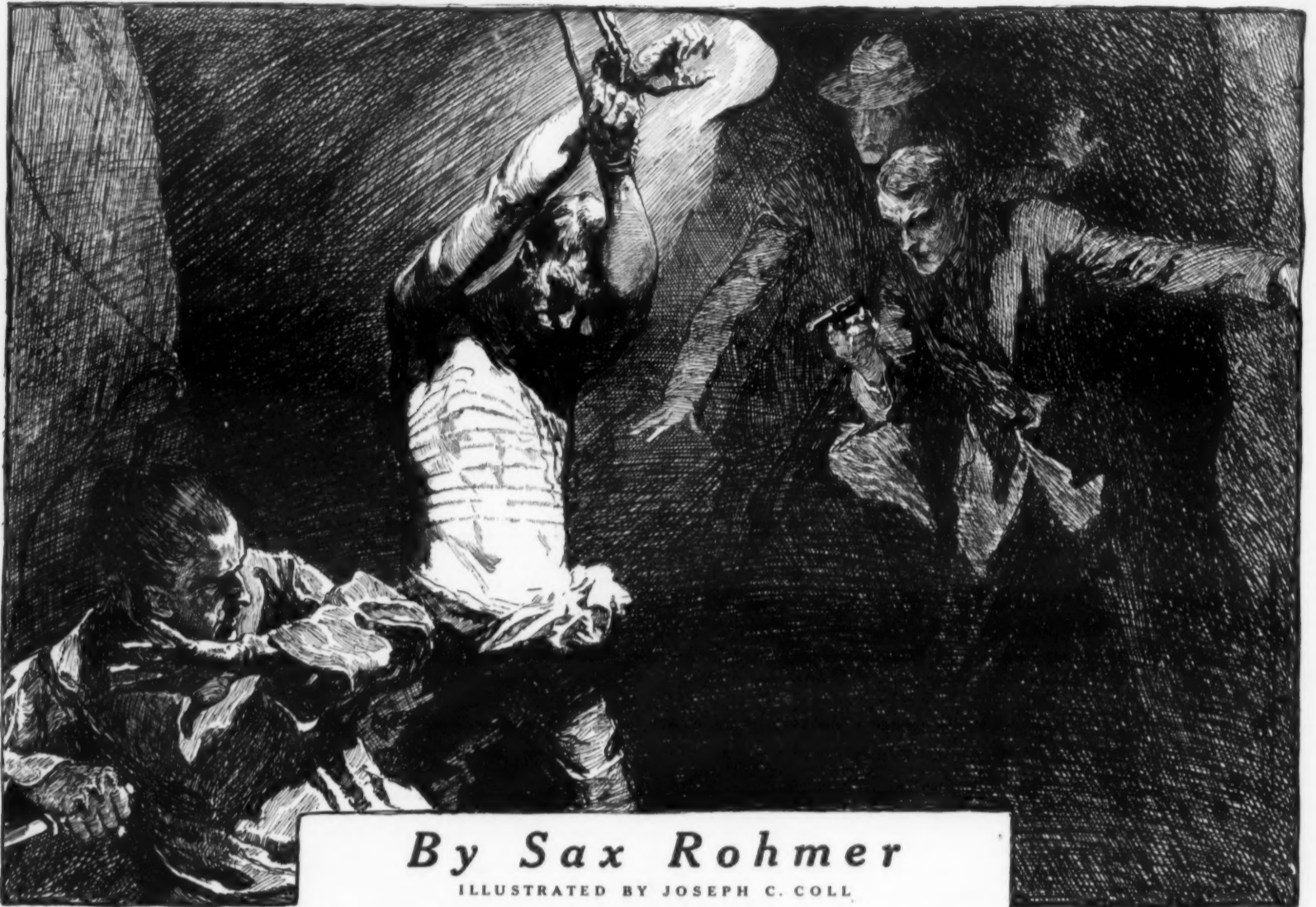
I was awakened at 5 a. m. by heavy gunfire. The Germans are going to make a fight of it. This must be the battle, I supposed, which was expected, because the day before yesterday the wireless caught a message from some German general asking that his retreat be covered, as his men had neither slept nor eaten in three days.

I was under shell fire myself for the first time today. I saw four men killed and about twenty wounded by an exploding shell just a short distance from me—heard the shells scream overhead and then break, saw the earth fly up where a part struck, and dust fly from stone walls just across the road. One at first feels that he must look and see the shell and try to dodge it; but, by the time you are conscious of hearing it, it is a thousand feet past and harmless as far as you are concerned. It is the shells you don't hear that cause the damage in your neighborhood.

I heard a lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, when asked why he was waiting where he was, admit that he had been ordered to throw a bridge across the river, that half his company were in the town that was being shelled, and that his reason for not advancing was that it was too dangerous. He further added that he could not work while they were shelling what remained of the original bridge. Five minutes afterward I was in the town myself and watched the infantry cross the steel bridge which the Germans had tried to blow up, but had only succeeded in damaging enough to prevent artillery passing over it. For a distance of over fifteen miles (Continued on page 22)



Fu-Manchu & Company



By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH C. COLL

"WHEN did you last hear from Nayland Smith?" asked my visitor. I paused, my hand on the siphon, reflecting for a moment.

"Two months ago," I said; "he's a poor correspondent and rather soured, I fancy."

"What—a woman or something?"

"Some affair of that sort. He's such a reticent beggar, I really know very little about it."

I placed a whisky and soda before the Rev. J. D. Eltham, also sliding the tobacco jar nearer to his hand. The refined and sensitive face of the clergyman offered no indication to the truculent character of the man. His scanty fair hair, already gray over the temples, was silken and soft looking; in appearance he was indeed a typical English churchman, but in China he had been known as "the fighting missionary" and had fully deserved the title. In fact, this peaceful-looking gentleman had directly brought about the Boxer risings.

"You know," he said in his clerical voice, but meanwhile stuffing tobacco into an old pipe with fierce energy. "I have often wondered, Petrie—I have never left off wondering—"

"What?"

"That accursed Chinaman! Since that cellar place beneath the site of the burnt-out cottage in Dulwich Village. . . I have wondered more than ever."

HE LIGHTED his pipe and walked to the hearth to throw the match in the grate.

"You see," he continued, peering across at me in his oddly nervous way, "one never knows, does one? If I thought that Dr. Fu-Manchu lived, if I seriously suspected that that stupendous intellect, that wonderful genius, Petrie, er"—he hesitated characteristically—"survived, I should feel it my duty—"

"Well?" I said, leaning my elbows on the table and smiling slightly.

"If that satanic genius was not indeed destroyed, then the peace of the world may be threatened anew at any moment!"

He was becoming excited, shooting out his jaw in the truculent manner I knew, and snapping his fingers to emphasize his words; a man composed of the oddest complexities that ever dwelt beneath a clerical frock.

"He may have gone back to China, Doctor?" he

I—The Wire Jacket

Long after the conclusion of the first series of Fu-Manchu stories by Sax Rohmer, which we published some time ago, letters kept coming to us from readers clamoring for more. Mr. Rohmer is a prolific writer, but he is not inexhaustible. He has, however, begun a new series of tales in which once again the terrible and sinister Dr. Fu-Manchu and the alert, almost clairvoyant, secret service agent, Nayland Smith, meet and come to grips as protagonists. The new series will appear in Collier's throughout the coming winter

cried, and his eyes had the fighting glint in them. "Could you rest in peace if you thought that he lived? Should you not fear for your life every time that a night call took you out alone? Why, man alive, it is only two years since he was here among us, since we were searching every shadow for those awful green eyes! What became of his band of assassins—his stranglers, his dacoits, his damnable poisons and insects and what not—the army of creatures—"

He paused, taking a drink.

"You—" he hesitated diffidently—"searched in Egypt with Nayland Smith, did you not?" I nodded.

"Contradict me if I am wrong," he continued; "but my impression is that you were searching for the girl—the slave girl—Kāramanēh, I think she was called."

"Yes," I replied shortly; "but we could find no trace—no trace."

"You—er—were interested?"

"More than I knew," I replied, "until I realized that I had—lost her."

"I never met Kāramanēh, but from your account and from others she was quite unusually—"

"She was very beautiful," I said, and stood up, for I was anxious to terminate that phase of the conversation.

Eltham regarded me sympathetically; he knew something of my search with Nayland Smith for the dark-eyed Eastern girl who had brought romance into my drab life; he knew that I treasured my memories of her as I loathed and abhorred those of the fiend-

ish, brilliant Chinese doctor who had been her master. Eltham began to pace up and down the rug, his pipe bubbling furiously; and something in the way he carried his head reminded me momentarily of Nayland Smith. Certainly, between this pink-faced clergyman, with his deceptively mild appearance, and the gaunt, bronzed, and steely-eyed Burmese commissioner, there was externally little in common; but it was some little nervous trick in his carriage that conjured up through the smoke haze one distant summer evening, when Smith had paced that very room as Eltham paced it now, when before my startled eyes he had rung up the curtain upon the savage drama in which, though I little suspected it then, Fate had cast me for a leading rôle. I wondered if Eltham's thoughts ran parallel with mine. My own were centered upon the unforgettable figure of the murderous Chinaman. These words, exactly as Smith had used them, seemed once again to sound in my ear: "Imagine a person tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like Shakespeare and a face like Satan, a close-shaven skull and long magnetic eyes of the true cat green. Invest him with all the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race accumulated in one giant intellect, with all the resources of science, past and present, and you have a mental picture of Dr. Fu-Manchu, the 'Yellow Peril' incarnate in one man."

THIS visit of Eltham's no doubt was responsible for my mood; for this singular clergyman had played his part in the drama of two years ago.

"I should like to see Smith again," he said suddenly; "it seems a pity that a man like that should be buried in Burma. Burma makes a mess of the best of men, Doctor. You said he was not married?"

"No," I replied shortly, "and is never likely to be."

"Ah, you hinted at something of the kind."

"I know very little of it. Nayland Smith is not the kind of man to talk much."

"Quite so—quite so! And, you know, Doctor, neither am I; but—" he was growing painfully embarrassed—"it may be your due—I—er—I have a correspondent in the interior of China—"

"Well?" I said, watching him in sudden eagerness.

"Well, I would not desire to raise—vain hopes—nor to occasion, shall I say, empty fears; but—er . . . no, Doctor!" He flushed like a girl. "It was wrong

of me to open this conversation. Perhaps, when I know more—Will you forget my words for the time?" The phone bell rang.

"Hello!" cried Eltham. "Hard luck, Doctor!" But I could see that he welcomed the interruption. "Why," he added, "it is one o'clock!"

I WENT to the telephone.

"Is that Dr. Petrie?" inquired a woman's voice. "Yes. Who is speaking?"

"Mrs. Hewett has been taken more seriously ill. Could you come at once?"

"Certainly," I replied, for Mrs. Hewett was not only a profitable patient, but an estimable lady. "I shall be with you in a quarter of an hour."

I hung up the receiver.

"Something urgent?" asked Eltham, emptying his pipe.

"Sounds like it. You had better turn in."

"I should much prefer to walk over with you if it wouldn't be intruding. Our conversation has ill prepared me for sleep."

"Right!" I said, for I welcomed his company, and three minutes later we were striding across the deserted Common. A sort of mist floated among the trees, seeming in the moonlight like a veil draped from trunk to trunk, as in silence we passed the Mound Pond, and struck out for the north side of the Common.

I suppose the presence of Eltham and the irritating recollection of his half confidence were the responsible factors, but my mind persistently dwelt upon the subject of Fu-Manchu and the atrocities which he had committed during his sojourn in England. So actively was my imagination at work that I felt again the menace which so long had hung over me; I felt as though that murderous yellow cloud still cast its shadow upon England. And I found myself longing for the company of Nayland Smith. I cannot state what was the nature of Eltham's reflections, but I can guess, for he was as silent as I.

It was with a conscious effort that I shook myself out of this morbidly reflective mood on finding that we had crossed the Common and were come to the abode of my patient.

"I shall take a little walk," announced Eltham, "for I gather that you don't expect to be detained long. I shall never be out of sight of the door, of course."

"Very well," I replied, and ran up the steps.

THERE were no lights to be seen in any of the windows, which circumstance rather surprised me, as my patient occupied, or had occupied when last I had visited her, a first-floor bedroom in the front of the house. My knocking and ringing produced no response for three or four minutes; then, as I persisted, a scantily clothed and half-awake maid-servant unbarred the door and stared at me stupidly in the moonlight.

"Mrs. Hewett requires me?" I asked abruptly.

The girl stared more stupidly than ever.

"No, sir," she said, "she don't, sir; she's fast asleep!"

"But some one phoned me!" I insisted, rather irritably I fear.

"Not from here, sir," declared the now wide-eyed girl. "We haven't got a telephone, sir."

For a few moments I stood there, staring as foolishly as she; then abruptly I turned and descended the steps. At the gate I stood looking up and down the road. The houses were all in darkness. What could be the meaning of the mysterious summons? I had made no mistake respecting the name of my patient; it had been twice repeated over the telephone; yet that the call had not emanated from Mrs. Hewett's house was now palpably evident. Days had been when I should have regarded the episode as precluding some outrage, but to-night I felt more disposed to ascribe it to a silly practical joke.

Eltham walked up briskly.

"You're in demand to-night, Doctor," he said. "A young lady called for you almost directly you had left your house, and, learning where you were gone, followed you."

"Indeed!" I said, a trifle incredulously. "There are plenty of other doctors if the case is an urgent one."

"She may have thought it would save time, as you were actually up and dressed," explained Eltham, "and the house is quite near to here, I understand."

I LOOKED at him a little blankly. Was this another effort of the unknown jester?

"I have been fooled once," I said. "That phone call was a hoax—"

"But I feel certain," declared Eltham earnestly, "that this is genuine. The poor girl was dreadfully agitated; her master has broken his leg and is lying helpless: No. 250 Rectory Grove."

"Where is the girl?" I asked sharply.

"She ran back directly she had given me her message."

"Was she a servant?"

"I should imagine so; French, I think. But she was

so wrapped up I had little more than a glimpse of her. I am sorry to hear that some one has played a silly joke on you, but, believe me—he was very earnest—this is no jest. The poor girl could scarcely speak for sobs. She mistook me for you, of course."

"Oh," said I grimly; "well, I suppose I must go. Broken leg, you said? And my surgical bag, splints, and so forth are at home!"

"My dear Petrie!" cried Eltham in his enthusiastic way, "you no doubt can do something to alleviate the poor man's suffering immediately. I will run back to your rooms for the bag and rejoin you at 250 Rectory Grove."

"It's awfully good of you, Eltham."

He held up his hand.

"The call of suffering humanity, Petrie, is one which I may no more refuse to hear than you."

I MADE no further protest after that, for his point of view was evident and his determination adamant, but told him where he would find the bag, and once more set out across the moon-bright Common, he pursuing a westerly direction and I going east.

Some three hundred yards I had gone, I suppose, and my brain had been very active the while, when something occurred to me which placed a new complexion upon this second summons. I thought of the falsity of the first, of the improbability of even the most hardened practical joker practicing his wiles at one o'clock in the morning. I thought of our recent conversation; above all,



I thought of Karamaneh—lovely, dark-eyed Karamaneh

I thought of the girl who had delivered the message to Eltham, the girl whom he had described as a French maid—whose personal charm had so completely enlisted his sympathies. Now, to this train of thought came a new one, and, adding it, my suspicion became almost a certainty.

I REMEMBERED (as, knowing the district, I should have remembered before) that there was no No. 250 in Rectory Grove.

Pulling up sharply, I stood looking about me. Not a living soul was in sight; not even a policeman. Where the ranks of lamps marked the main paths across the Common nothing moved; in the shadows about me nothing stirred. But something stirred within me—a warning voice which for long had lain dormant.

What was afoot?

A breeze caressed the leaves overhead, breaking the silence with mysterious whisperings. Some portentous truth was seeking for admittance to my brain. I strove to reassure myself, but the sense of impending evil became heavier. At last I could combat my strange fears no longer. I turned and began to run toward the south side of the Common—toward my rooms—and after Eltham.

I had hoped to head him off, but came upon no sign of him. An all-night tramcar passed at the moment that I reached the highroad, and as I ran round behind it I saw that my windows were lighted and that there was a light in the hall.

My key was yet in the lock when my housekeeper opened the door.

"There's a gentleman just come, Doctor," she began.

I thrust past her and raced up the stairs to my study.

Standing by the writing table was a tall, thin man, his gaunt face brown as a coffee berry and his steely gray eyes fixed upon me. My heart gave a great leap—and seemed to stand still.

It was Nayland Smith.

"Smith!" I cried. "Smith, old man, by God, I'm glad to see you!"

He wrung my hand hard, looking at me with his searching eyes; but there was little enough of gladness in his face. He was altogether grayer than when last I had seen him—grayer and sterner.

"Where is Eltham?" I asked.

Smith started back, as though I had struck him.

"Eltham!" he whispered. "Eltham! Is Eltham here?"

"I left him ten minutes ago on the Common."

Smith dashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand and his eyes gleamed almost wildly.

"My God, Petrie!" he said. "Am I fated *always* to come too late?"

My dreadful doubts in that instant were confirmed. I seemed to feel my legs totter beneath me.

"Smith, you don't mean—"

"I do, Petrie!" His voice sounded very far away.

"Fu-Manchu is here, and Eltham, God help him . . . is his first victim!"

SMITH went racing down the stairs like a man possessed. Heavy with such a foreboding of calamity as I had not known for two years, I followed him—along the hall and out into the road. The very peace and beauty of the night in some way increased my mental agitation. The sky was lighted almost tropically with such a blaze of stars as I could not recall to have seen since, my futile search concluded, I had left Egypt. The glory of the moonlight yellowed the lamps speckled across the expanse of the Common. The night was as still as night can ever be in London. The dimming pulse of a cab or car alone disturbed the stillness.

With a quick glance to right and left, Smith ran across on to the Common, and, leaving the door wide open behind me, I followed. The path which Eltham had pursued terminated almost opposite to my house.

One's gaze might follow it, white and empty, for several hundred yards past the pond, and further, until it became over-shadowed and was lost among the trees.

I came up with Smith, and side by side we ran on while, pantingly, I told my tale.

"It was a trick to get you away from him," cried Smith. "They meant no doubt to make some attempt at your house, but as he came out with you an alternative plan—"

Abreast of the pond my companion slowed down and finally stopped.

"Where did you last see Eltham?" he asked rapidly.

I took his arm, turning him slightly to the right, and pointed across the moon-bathed Common.

"You see that clump of bushes on the other side of the road?" I said. "There's a path to the left of it. I took that path and he took this. We parted at the point where they meet."

Smith walked right down to the edge of the water and peered about over the surface.

WHAT he hoped to find there I could not imagine. Whatever it had been, he was disappointed, and he turned to me again, frowning perplexedly and tugging at the lobe of his left ear, an old trick which reminded me of gruesome things we had lived through in the past.

"Come on," he jerked. "It may be among the trees."

From the tone of his voice I knew that he was tensed up nervously, and his mood but added to the apprehension of my own.

"What may be among the trees, Smith?" I asked.

He walked on.

"God knows, Petrie; but I fear—"

Behind us, along the highroad, a tramcar went rocking by, doubtless bearing a few belated workers homeward. The stark incongruity of the thing was appalling. How little those weary toilers, hemmed about with the commonplace, suspected that almost within sight from the car windows, in a place of prosy benches, iron railings, and unromantic, flickering lamps, two fellow men moved upon the border of a horror land!

Beneath the trees a shadow carpet lay, its edges tropically sharp; and fully ten yards from the first, we two, hatless both, and sharing a common dread, paused for a moment and listened.

The car had stopped at the further extremity of the common, and now with a moan that grew to a shriek was rolling on its way again. We stood and listened until silence reclaimed the night. Not a footstep could be heard. Then slowly we walked on. At the edge of the little copse we stopped again abruptly.

SMITH turned and thrust his pistol into my hand. A white ray of light pierced the shadows; my companion carried an electric torch. But no trace of Eltham was discoverable.

There had been a heavy shower of rain during the evening, just before sunset, and although the open paths were dry again, under the trees the ground was still moist. Ten yards within the copse we came upon tracks—

(Continued on page 31)

The Shepherd's Idyll

By Francis Hill

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS DUER

"DAISY," said Russ Covey. "Now, you jus' listen to your old Uncle Russ." He paused. In Daisy he knew himself to be dealing with no slouch of a girl, so it behooved him to have his dialectical squadrons tuned up and deployed.

"Well, I'm listening, ain't I?" impatiently demanded Daisy.

Russ uneasily licked his lips. He was twenty-nine against the girl's bare nineteen, tall and loose and blond, where she was small and delicate and hazel brown. Probably nobody would ever have gone especially out of his way to convict Russ of a godlike beauty. He had a thick brush of unruly copper-red hair (handsome enough, to some tastes); a lean, rather uncouth, very strong cowboy body; biggish hands and feet; and, miraculously sown over all the exposed surface of his fair skin, a crop of violent and embarrassing freckles. You might think that many, many coats of Montana tan and weather beat would serve to disguise, or at least palliate, freckles. Russ's crop was too prodigal, too ornate, too high-colored. Also, his teeth might have been better; and the contour of his face certainly fell something short of the classic. But, on the other hand, the fellow had a pair of eyes!

A DOZEN years of range glare—alkali flats in summer, snow in winter—will do things to most blond eyes. And, beyond an instinctive neutral-tinted, never-flop hat, Russ in this matter had undoubtedly taken no thought for the morrow. Yet he had come through the fading ordeal scatheless, unblinking, unbleached, unburned. You looked back through his eyes into profound, dark, soft (usually), alluring violet depths. Violet!—there was just no other word for it. But deep blue eyes, he it understood, are a totally different affair from deep deer-brown eyes. Russ's blues had absolutely nothing liquid about them, never for an instant languished. They were grinning, provocative, deprecatory, devilish, gentle, clear, mercurial—anything you like but languishing. A woman of experience might easily have picked out that precise pair from a worldful to fasten herself upon, to bow down before, to be charmed with. But Daisy Deneen—worse luck!—was no woman of experience. So the dominant note in Russ's violet register was now deprecatory.

"This is what I'm a-tryin' to drive at, Daisy," he began. He had got his logic as well fixed for his tongue as he could manage, but the task before him still seemed difficult. "I say—I say there ain't but two kinds o' men in the world that ever I've rode up on."

DAISY frowned, unimpressed. "And they are—" she suggested.

"Mebbe there's only one," hedged Russ with misgiving. "I dunno. But yet they *do* seem to sort o' fork out when they get a little ways above the ground."

"Well, what are they, please?" politely hinted Daisy a second time.

"Them you can trust an' them you can't."

"Pooh!" sniffed the girl. "Is all this for that?"

Russ anxiously inquired: "You don't believe it none, then?"

"Of course I believe it, silly! I could have told you that when I was a baby in arms."

"No—could you, though, Daisy?"

"There's only two kinds of *anything*," says the girl. "Horses, dogs, cats." She rose to the extreme of tip-tilted disdain. "Why, I guess *that's* even true of sheep!"

Russ reflected. "I dunno as I ever jus' noticed it with sheep," he commented.

"Well, of course, I wouldn't presume to argue with *you* there!" flashed Daisy. "I being only a town girl, and you an out-and-out, through-and-through, double-dyed, full-feathered lamb smacker!"

The redhead's humble, deprecatory tone did harden the least trifle at this. "Ch, come, now, Daisy," he protested. "You know I ain't no reg'lar herder. I'm a ranchman—I am. I used to be a puncher. Now I own a little bunch o' sheep o' my own."

"Haven't you just been telling me you were out with a band of lambs for the past two weeks?"

"That's only," explained Russ, "because my Swede herder, Ole, was in town on his quarterly drunk."



The deft Canadian managed to whip a hand free. In a hardly measurable fraction of a second after that the hand had a knife in it

"Anyway, I can smell sheep on your clothes," said Daisy decisively. "Even out here in the open."

They were sitting on the step of the little unpainted wooden platform before Luke Deneen's rented Piegan house. Over at Toshoe, across the mountains, at the other end of his stage route, Luke was apt to allude to this platform, in the grand manner, as his "plazza"; a place where he loved to spend his evenings. But Luke, perhaps, had a number of unwarranted peculiarities.

Russ Covey sighted down his front ruefully. Anybody knew there was a lot more money in sheep than in cattle or horses. But the smell of sheep on your clothes—the iron of that taint in an ex-cowboy's soul! Russ would have sworn his clean gray flannel shirt was all right. It must be his chaps—he had insisted on herding a lamb band in bearskin chaps! Then he stiffened and gave his red head a flit. For at bottom the fellow would fight.

"Well," he persisted to Daisy. "Hosses, dogs, cats, sheep. We'll take down the bars, let 'em all in. An' we'll allow that these here two gen'ral brands on things run back to, mebbe, Adam or so. All right—well an' good." He nervously licked his dry lips again. "Now to come down to cases. Which side o' the line, Daisy, is Blackie Charlie Maire on, do you say?"

DAISY jumped galvanically to her feet. "Russ Covey! Don't you dare—don't you dare—"

Russ, his chin buried in his long, freckled hands, stared before him at the bare, sun-drenched ground. "I don't like a card sharp, nohow," he muttered.

"And I don't care *what* you like, Russ Covey!" flung the girl. "What you like or don't like is nothing to me! But let me tell you this: Don't you think for one minute you can come here blackening Charlie Maire's character to me! You can't. I won't have it!"

"It was jus' a question I asked you, wasn't it?" hollowly sounded Russ. "I jus' asked you which

side o' the honest line you thought Charlie Maire stood on, didn't I?"

The girl spoke more coolly. "You'd no business to ask it. It was none of your affair."

"By the ee-ternal slam-gasted holy smoke!" miserably ejaculated Russ. "This here girl actually reckons a sheepman to be worse'n a gambler, on the dead face of it!"

"What right have you to couple my name with Charlie Maire's, I'd like to inquire?" hotly demanded Daisy. "What do you know about Charlie Maire and me, anyway? Why, he's only been here six weeks, and you've never set foot in town in that time!"

RUSS reported, in bleak dejection: "Fm here now, all right."

"Yes! But you haven't been up to the saloons yet." She triumphantly pointed to the hitching bar before the gate, where, streaked with sweat, a powerful stocky brown horse dozed, lopping one ear. "You haven't even been to the stable!"

"I'm jus' on my way," said Russ. "I stopped in here, first shot out o' the box."

"Then if you haven't been uptown to hear the dirty saloon talk, why are you coming straight in at me about Charlie Maire?"

"Lord-a-mercy, Daisy!" cries the exasperated red-headed boy. "Don't you think talk spreads out over the range none? An' my Swede herder jus' getting back to camp yesterday after a plumb two weeks in town here!"

"So! You listen to the slanders of a drunken Swede sheep herder, do you? And then jump on a horse and chase yourself right in as fast as you can to insult me with them!"

"Now—Daisy—you know—" Beseeching, he turned his tanned face full on her, and the charming, troubled, wonder-working violet eyes said many things. But the passionate girl before him was proof against them all. "Ole ain't such a bad sort, for a poor Skoewegian. An' he only repeats what ev'rybody's whisperin'."

"Oh! Only what everybody's whispering, does he?"

"Ev'rybody, seemin'ly, but the folks around your pa."

"And why not the folks around my pa, please?"

"Well, I judge your pa ain't heard no talk yet," pronounced Russ, "because there don't seem to be no news of his havin' been out on the warpath an' shot Charlie up."

"Russ Covey! You climb on your horse and pack out of here! Do you understand? Travel!"

The tall redhead rose to his full, swaying, loose height. "All right, Daisy," he mumbled. "All right. I'm punchin'. So long."

AT THE Prickly Pear Saloon, in the course of the afternoon, for form's sake, Russ drank three small drinks. His watchful blue eyes, half closed now and not so especially soft, showed no sheepman's bunkering for the amber delights of whisky. Nor did he make any offer to sit into either of the two saloon games going, though he kept intimate track of both tables. But the word or thing or face he sought did not seem to turn up. From time to time he would take off his heavy-brimmed hat, wrinkle his brow, thoughtfully rake a freckled hand through the dense mop of copper-red hair. Then it grew late enough for the Toshoe coach to be in.

Russ strolled down the wooden Frisco Street sidewalk to the Boot Saloon, just around the corner from the stage stables. Taking a slue in through the Boot's open front doors, he had no occasion to go farther. There, in the first of the row of round-backed yellow saloon armchairs lay Luke Deneen. Luke's ease in his inn was a thing apart. A gaunt, stooped, still redoubtable man of fifty-five or so, with a high nose and a thin graying beard, he sprawled indecorously out in his chair full length, his black slouch hat on his knee, his head propped against an angle of the smoky dun wall behind him, his toes pointed to the ceiling. At sight of Russ he sang out joyfully without lifting his head.

"Hello, son. Proud to see you. We jest need one more good young laddy-buck like you." He reached round with his foot and kicked out a companion chair to his own. "Set down. You ain't been in since lamb-in', have you?"

(Continued on page 25)

Women's Sacrifices for the War

By May Sinclair

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THAT title is not of my own choosing. It was given to me by the friend who suggested that this article should be written, and I insist on his taking the whole heavy responsibility. I can only write on behalf of the women who are making the "sacrifices," and they do not talk about them or call them by that name. If this title should ever stare them in the face, they will stare back at it in mild amazement, or shrug their shoulders; or they will simply feel as uncomfortable as Tommy Atkins at the front when the French girls make "bloomin' nuisances" of themselves by hanging on his neck, and the French soldiers call him "*mon p'tit camarade*." For the British woman at her best is very like the British soldier.

But, since my friend has given me this word, I'll admit at once that it is useful. For sacrifices are of two kinds—voluntary and involuntary—and they cover the whole ground. I do not mean to say much about women's involuntary sacrifices, about the great and terrible and tragic part they have played in this war and have still to play, about the mothers and wives and sweethearts of soldiers and of sailors; nor about the women whom the war has thrown out of work; nor yet about the multitude of refugee women who are crowding into England for shelter and protection. You may say that these have not made any sacrifice. They are the sacrifice. And yet thousands of the very humblest of these victims have lifted this passive and involuntary sacrifice to the dignity of the voluntary place by the incomparable spirit in which they have met their doom.

This spirit is all about us. It is a fiery challenge and a poignant reproach.

The other day, as I was standing on the curbstone in Holborn, a taxicab passed me loaded with humble luggage, bundles of clothing mostly, on the top, and packed with refugees inside. A woman, the very image of disaster, sat at the window nearest me with her baby at her breast. Our eyes met as she was driven past. It was she who achieved the more successful of the smiles that were exchanged. French and Belgian women are going up and down the road I live in, laughing and smiling with an air of unconquerable gaiety, though they are clothed in brand-new mourning and their faces are scarred with grief. Of our own women there are thousands who are glad that their sons and husbands have been the first to be sent out to fight, like that woman who refused to wear mourning for her only son who was killed in the first battle of the war.

Mobilizing the Women

I DO NOT think that this is what my friend means by women's sacrifices. He really means women's work; what women have done and are ready to do for the war and because of the war. And he is so far justified that nearly all their organized relief and emergency work as well as their private and individual efforts have a highly "sacrificial" character, inasmuch as in order to do things they have had to give things up. As soon as war was declared the militant suffragists gave up their militancy. It is only fair to the other side to mention that the Government, by way of graceful return, granted a free pardon to all who were still under arrest. By these mutual amenities both sides saved their faces and solved the problem for the time being of the irresistible force and the immovable weight. The premises of the Women's Social and Political Union are now free from police raids. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has become a recruiting agent, thus entering into competition with the Kaiser, Lord Kitchener, and the taxicab driver. The pavement chalkers have abandoned the legend "Votes for Women" for "A Call to Arms." At the office of the East London Federation of Suffragettes Miss Sylvia Pankhurst is giving cost-price meals of two courses for 2d. to the very poor, and free meals to the destitute children. She is also distributing milk to women about to become mothers, so that the race may be cared for before and after birth. The Little Theatre was used in the first instance as the headquarters of the Women's Emergency Corps, the idea of which originated in the

Actresses' Franchise League. There is an endless list of women writers who are doing emergency and relief work and Red Cross work, and doing it uncommonly well. Many of them are in Belgium. One distinguished writer is there with an investigating party at the present moment. Another is or was there as special correspondent for a daily paper.

Not to speak of the work of the Army Nurses, the British Red Cross Society, the St. John's Ambulance Association, and of all established societies, committees, guilds of workers, and innumerable bodies of miscellaneous activities, there has been a general mobilization of women's forces all over the country. And a few weeks after the outbreak of the war the Women's Emergency Corps was in being.

The Burdened Classes Give

THE work of the British Red Cross is too well known to need any report of it here. But readers may be interested to hear under what conditions a large section of its members work. Many of them are clerks and typists and shop girls and business women, who are giving up their evenings after a long day's work and their week-end holiday to the task of looking after refugees and the sick and destitute of their own country, while they wait their turn to be

of them have given up their paid jobs to attend these classes all day long. At one doctor's class it was announced one evening that a volunteer detachment was

to be equipped for service at the front, and that funds would be needed. A collection was made. (This, by the way, was an infringement of all the rules.) The women pushed forward to contribute. One girl, Clara K—, came to me and gave me half a crown. She said: "I am only a clerk and this is all I can afford. I will give more when I can."

Helping the Hard Hit

AND Clara K— is only one of thousands who are doing the same thing. The Women's Emergency Corps can tell you many stories like that: how a typist out of work, who had only a few shillings left out of her last wages, brought two shillings to give to the corps; how a servant would not look for a place for a month in order to give her services free for a month; how a girl living in a poor East End street collects sixpence a week from every house in that street. And so on. The tale is endless.

And on this middle-class, with its generous instincts, its scrupulous conscience, its fine traditions, its hatred of indebtedness, the war presses cruelly. Thousands of its women are thrown out of work; and there is no Prince of Wales's Fund for them. If there were, it is doubtful whether many would be found to avail themselves of its charity. It is mainly to help the

women of this enormous class that the Women's Emergency Corps was founded. It undertakes to find employment for them at a wage the standard of which was fixed by the director of the Queen's Fund for Women at a minimum of three-pence an hour, or ten shillings a week, for forty hours' work, plus a bonus.

This sum does not amount to a living wage as it stands, but in the distribution of wages regard is paid to the circumstances of the individual case: those who have some means receive a lower, those who have no means a higher rate of pay. Criticism is easy. But it was not easy for the Women's Emergency Corps to deal at a moment's notice with their thousands of applicants for help. They decided, after consultation, that it was better to help all to hold their heads above water than to insure higher wages for a few.

Emergency Organization

THE corps is now practically a general employment bureau for women, with a perfect organization. It undertakes to send out women for every possible kind of service at home or abroad. It supplies interpreters to meet all the Continental trains to help the refugees who arrive helpless and ignorant of our language. They have saved girls from the white-slave traffic; and have handed over four German men to the Government. They have also helped business people and poor governesses who have found themselves stranded on the

Continent. One department of the corps provides trained horsewomen for remount camps; motorists, chauffeurs who can do running repairs, dispensers, doctors, typists, and secretaries; business women who have taken over the catering of large stores; sporting women who can take postmen's work, or act as conductors, elevator men, commissionaires, special constables. I regret to say that the special constables have not yet served.

But perhaps its most valuable work has been the feeding of the poor. I have spoken of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's kitchens in the East End. In the West End, at 83 Pall Mall, Miss Carey has her offices, from which she is organizing the provision of all food supplies for the kitchens where the refugees and the destitute throughout London are being fed. Arrangements are made with Smithfield Market, large firms and provision stores, hotels and private houses for these supplies, which are distributed directly among the local kitchens, thus avoiding waste by passage through headquarters. The Government has now taken over the feeding of the refugees; and it is hoped that the remaining services so admirably organized by the Women's Emergency Corps will also pass into the hands of the state.

(Continued on page 24)

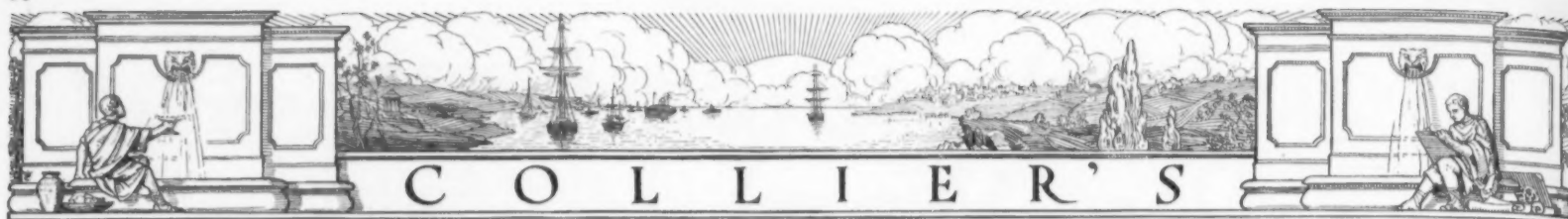


The conductor of a certain London omnibus, seeing a woman take the last seat on the crowded top while a "Tommy" chivalrously stood up, commented on her selfishness toward England's defender. Miss Sinclair says: "I was the woman in question and I entirely agreed with the conductor"

sent (perhaps) on active service to the front. One girl, a forewoman of the tailoring department of a large house of business, has been working for the Red Cross Society for years before the war, and is now giving to it literally every minute of her spare time.

Nurses in the Making

THOUSANDS and thousands of such women are crowding into the training classes of the Red Cross. The big halls of the Regent Street Polytechnic are packed with them. They have been sitting at desks and telephones or standing behind the counters all day from nine or ten in the morning till six or six-thirty in the evening, and at seven-thirty they are in their places for bandage practice and at eight for lectures; and they will work hard for another two hours before they get to their homes, which may be out somewhere in the suburbs. This goes on week after week with no change except an increase in the number of volunteers. Among these are many women of leisure and means, but most of them belong to the poorer ranks of middle-class working women. They have to pay a fee—a small fee, but still a fee—for their training out of their hard-earned wages. Many



Why We Give Thanks

IN SOME PARTS of the United States the New England custom of observing the festival of Thanksgiving Day was long in disfavor as savoring of Puritan austerity—but that is a thing of the past. It is now the most universally observed of American "days." It became popular as the narrowness passed out of it, and home-coming, feasting, and football came in. Even in old New England it was probably less marked by the Praise-God-Barebones peculiarities than our brethren of Cavalier predilections thought. "For," says HARRIET BEECHER STOWE in "Oldtown Folks," "great as the preparations were for dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the household be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church and from listening to the Thanksgiving sermon, in which the minister was expected to express his views freely concerning the politics of the country and the state of things in society generally in a somewhat more secular vein of thought than was deemed exactly appropriate to the Lord's Day." Having labored to edify his flock all the year, the parson, even in that long-vanished day, took occasion to soak them along more carnal lines on Thanksgiving. This secularization of the day naturally led to football and gourmandizing.

The Ancient Blessing

IT WAS DIFFERENT when, in 1621, the Pilgrim Fathers started it by solemn giving of thanks for the first harvest wrung from the sterile soil of Massachusetts. Freedom to worship God was theirs as soon as the stern and rockbound coast had felt their feet; but food and shelter and safety from the savages was something else again. For these blessings they thanked God, and then, let us hope, ate to satiety of game, brown bread, corn cakes, mince pie, cranberry sauce, potatoes, squash, and pumpkins. Venison pasty was within the possibilities, and roasted turkey from the woods. They had begun to suspect that the land which the Lord had given them was indeed a goodly land.

Manna-Fed Yankees

BUT THEY DID NOT SUSPECT HOW GOODLY. We who are their heirs in possession of it are so accustomed to its peace and plenty that we are prone to neglect the duty of thankfulness. When manna fell from the sky for the Israelites for the first time, and "the quails came up and covered the camp," they doubtless thanked God for their bounties; but, long before the forty years of feeding upon it were passed, they grumbled. They yearned for the fleshpots of Egypt. They stored up too much manna, and it bred worms and stank. Perhaps that is what is wrong with us as a people. We have a mania for collecting too much of the manna, and piling it up in too big heaps, and trying to make sure of keeping it for too long a time in the future, and because it breeds the worms of social discontent and stinks with political corruption, we cease to give thanks as sincerely as the Pilgrim Fathers for the haunch of venison, the wild turkey, the flour from the rude mill, the golden johnnycake. If, when we gathered our manna, we did mete it with an omer to every man according to his eating, so that he that gathered much would have nothing over, and he that gathered little would have no lack, should we not be happier and more truly filled with thanksgiving?

For Wheaten Loaf and Golden Fruit

WELL, let us not quarrel about that—not this year. For if there was ever a year when the last critic of the old Puritan festival might well come into the Thanksgiving camp, that year is 1914. The little band of starving Cavaliers in Virginia, the troop of fervent religionists at Plymouth, the band of trading Dutchmen in New Amsterdam, have kept their hands on the steering wheel of colonies and states, and, while bickering at times for the control, have wrought so wisely that the world's mightiest and best republic occupies the best half of the continent with a record of two hundred years of unparalleled success, rapidly rising to matchless splendor and dignity. In place of the haunch of venison, the bear's loin, the fat turkey, we bring to the world's table this year the meats from abattoirs more wonderful than the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, transported to the ends of the earth in refrigerator cars more beautiful, were we only able to see their beauty, than the chariots of LUCULLUS or the caravans of Ind. For the wheaten loaf and the corn cake we bring so much of golden grain and snowy flour and meal that not all the navies of the world in colonial times could carry it to the starving millions who look to us for bread. Instead of the hatched flax for the winter's spinning, we have so much warm cotton that its very redundancy is an embarrassment to us, and

its disposal our chief problem. Instead of the skimmed measure of cranberries and wild crab apples of that day, we bring to the world's table Florida's Apples of Hesperides (and California's) in such abundance that all may take and eat; and of other apples and peaches more than any nation ever produced in one season before. We have so tamed the shaggy continent that if there be any who have not plenty for this Thanksgiving Day, the fault lies either in themselves or in our failure so to order our matters that justice is done. Of the injustice of man there is, doubtless, much reason to complain; of the niggardliness of nature there is none. Those who in piety decreed the first Thanksgiving Day might have been forgiven had they complained of both.

The New Light

AS A MATTER OF FACT, perhaps the chief thing for which we should be thankful to-day is the urge all through the nation toward the effort to remedy the remediable things which make some boards to groan this Thanksgiving with more of the good things of life than make for the real well-being of all of us at the expense of other boards which are unjustly bare. Those old New England parsons whose bottled-up animadversions on the government and public affairs had to be kept for Thanksgiving sermons because they were scarcely appropriate for the Lord's Day, would promptly condemn this generation as irreligious—but they would be mistaken. This is not an irreligious generation. It is somewhat lukewarm toward some of the old usages of religion—too much so, no doubt; but this is largely because it is preoccupied with a new and glorious conception of religion. It is beginning to glow with a faith that the religion of JESUS is in truth and in fact a gospel of good tidings to the poor—to those whose tables are unjustly bare to-day. This religion of collective duty toward the extirpation of poverty was no part of the problem of Massachusetts, Virginia, or New Amsterdam—for things were simpler then; but it was in the religion of JESUS and ST. PAUL. It is the New Light which millions now follow, whom COTTON MATHER would have denounced as sons of BELLAL. The New Light is the religion of Democracy, the motto of which is: "Render unto the individual the things which are the individual's, unto the collectivity the things which are the collectivity's, and unto God the things which are God's." CÆSAR is left out of it, being merged in the collectivity. The American nation tends more and more powerfully to serve this ideal, not only with mint, anise, and cumin, but with a broken and contrite heart—for if ever a nation was under conviction of sin, we have been for some years now, and still are. That is why it has been rather an uncomfortable, albeit a glorious, time in which to live; but if, as we believe, it has been the dawn of the best spirituality any nation ever possessed—a spirituality based on a sanely limited materialism—it is an era to be proud of.

In a New World

THOSE WHO ESTABLISHED this great American anniversary looked eastward over the Atlantic whitecaps and yearned toward Europe. It was Home. The ocean was a stern and inexorable creature which had to be accented as their chiefest affliction. And for a long time the ocean was a thing unfavorable to America. It cut us off from the world's thought. It made us insular, provincial, vain, conceited, and rather little minded—qualities which we have by no means outlived. We are now engaged in outliving them, however, we hope; for which we ought to be thankful. How strange a development of world conditions it is which has brought us to a time like this, when of all worldly blessings the greatest are the Atlantic and the Pacific! Once Britain was a world by itself—*alter orbis*—cut off from Europe by the narrow seas, and permitted to wax great in peace, because no invader could cross those waters and successfully land. Once Japan was the Britain of the Pacific, developing her wonderful civilization in the East as did Britain hers in the West. But the narrow seas no longer protect Britain and Japan. It takes more water than the Straits of Dover or Korea to give assurance of safety in the inconceivable wars of 1914. But we are still an *alter orbis*. The world has gone mad. No soil is so sacred as not to need defense. We in America breathe the air of security for no reason other than that the great defenders of our shores are General Atlantic and General Pacific. Not even the satanic efficiency of this cataclysmal epoch can scare us from our Thanksgiving calm as we feel the pulse of the long rollers of the Universal Ocean beating on our eastern and western shores. For all these things, and the other innumerable blessings which we already possess and are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful!



Our Minister to Belgium

IT IS THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD: decide every question promptly and be right half the time. And get somebody who can do the work. . . . There's another thing: Don't spend too much time in your office. A quarter of an hour each day is generally too long." The speaker was the late TOM JOHNSON, and he was explaining "executive ability" to BRAND WHITLOCK, who had just been elected Mayor of Toledo. WHITLOCK tells about it in "Forty Years of It." BRAND WHITLOCK, you remember, is our Minister to the country that has once more proved itself "bravest of the Gauls." He is living on black bread nowadays. COLLIER'S is proud of BRAND WHITLOCK's record as Minister to Belgium; in his very human service at the head of the relief work there he has been unhampered by a too weighty sense of his own consequence or by an exaggeration of the value of precedent. He has proved all kinds of "executive ability"—but whether or not he has spent more than "fifteen minutes a day" in his office, we know not. WHITLOCK accepted the appointment to be Minister of Belgium because he thought Brussels would be a pleasant, peaceful place in which to write his new novel. In the past such posts have been held by our best writing men: GEORGE TICKNOR (Minister to Spain), JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (Ambassador to the Court of St. James's), HAWTHORNE and BRET HARTE and WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Mr. HOWELLS writes of WHITLOCK: "His rare and manifold gifts have never been meanly or selfishly employed. I am proud to be his friend." But there is humor in the thought of WHITLOCK's having gone to Brussels placidly to write a novel of life in our Middle West. Instead, he is doing some very intense living and seeing a great deal of life (and death) accomplished before his own keen eyes.

Have You Given?

THE LEGENDARY continent of Atlantis, submerged as a punishment, so it is told, for misusing a high civilization, must, after all, have deserved some tenderness, since all its population disappeared quickly under the merciful waves. There was no famine, no want, no torturing wounds inflicted by the most diabolical machinery, no widows nor any houseless children begging their bread. In the present perversion of civilization we have all of those horrors—and more. We alone of the great nations, the United States, seem to be for some reason plucked from the general burning. No task could be less dubious, none more clearly indicated. Ours is to help and to give, and to give thanks that we have it to give.

Where to Send

PLEASE TAKE THIS WEEK'S CARTOON by COOPER literally. If you do, there are agents a-plenty to serve you in the giving—the Belgian Relief Fund (10 Bridge Street, New York), the Committee of Mercy (AUGUST BELMONT, treasurer, Fifth Avenue Building, New York), the American Red Cross (130 East Twenty-second Street, New York). Trite is the saying, "He gives twice who gives quickly," but never was it truer than now; for winter is at hand, and human flesh and human souls are crying for the help that none but we can give them.

Will the Germans Take Our Gifts?

WHILE WE GIVE, Germany takes. *No Food in Belgium—Six Million Homeless; Belgium is Stripped of All Supplies.* These are typical headlines. If you read the news underneath, you learn that the fields are deserts, that no cattle are left in the

pastures and no horses on the roads, that live stock and produce of every kind have been sent into Germany. As a result, "the people are literally starving." Yet German news sources affirm that Germany is entirely prosperous, hence not in need of the supplies of which she is robbing her victim. The "Fatherland" news service ("Fair Play for Germany and Austria") issues a broadside stating that "There is wealth enough in Germany to defray the tremendous demands for war expenditures for at least a year. . . . The supply is ample for eighteen months. . . . It is not too much, therefore, to state that an ample supply of food for man and beast is

in sight for two years." *At least a year—eighteen months—therefore two years.* While Belgium starves, Germany continues to grind war taxes from her smoking cities, violating all rules of civilized warfare. Germany's Consul General in New York, Herr HORST FALCKE, says in his kind way: "Germany is doing its best to help the Belgians." May God save the rest of the world from German "help"!

It's Up to You, St. Louis

WE HAVE RECEIVED this pointed letter from Mr. R. L. GURNEY of the Guardian Trust Company of St. Louis:

Having given such wide publicity to Mr. JULIAN STREET'S impressions of St. Louis, permit me to take the liberty of suggesting that it would prove very interesting if you would now publish a Westerner's impressions of New York by arranging for some St. Louis writer to visit your good city.

Mr. GURNEY has an excellent idea. We take this opportunity of extending an invitation to Mr. WILLIAM MARION REEDY of St. Louis to visit New York and describe his impressions. If Mr. REEDY writes the article, we shall pay him as much more than the usual rate of compensation as his ability is greater than the average of writing ability in the United States. This is considerable. The same invitation is open to any other resident of St. Louis who can write as well as Mr. REEDY can. The only

probable candidate that we can think of just now is Mr. FRED LEHMANN. We have heard him make a speech, and we know he has the force and richness of personality that would make him successful in any medium of self-expression.

Partisan Idiocy

THE ABSOLUTE LOW-WATER MARK (tidal mud) of the recent political campaign was reached in this anonymous card which was freely circulated in several of the rural counties of New York State:

MARTIN H. GLYNN IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC

TO AMERICAN MEN: If you elect an Irish Catholic Governor this year, the Jews will demand the same right two years from now.

Do you want to be governed by Catholics and Jews?

Now there were valid objections to Mr. GLYNN'S candidacy which we duly set forth at some length, but this sort of thing is political treason, not political argument. To try to influence our elections by rat-hole statements of prejudice, to which no man will sign his name, is to strike at that fair and responsible publicity upon which the very life of our free institutions depends. Our country may at some time be endangered by the excessive zeal of cliques and sects. Such things have happened in other lands at other times. But this peril is a bubble's shadow compared to that threatened by these skulkers who urge men to vote not their free convictions, but their base and secret hatreds.



U. S.: "I'm thankful I've got it to give"

Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek

By Julian Street
Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Chapter XIII Abroad at Home American Ramblings, Observations and Adventures

IN A CERTAIN city that I visited upon my travels I met one night at dinner one of those tall, pink-cheeked, slim-legged young polo-playing Englishmen, who proceeded to tell me in his positive British way exactly what the United States amounted to. He said New York was ripping. He said San Francisco was ripping. He said American girls were ripping.

"But," said he, "there are just two really civilized places between San Francisco and New York." The idea entertained me. I asked which places he meant.

"Chicago," he said, "and Colorado Springs."

"But Colorado Springs is a little bit of a place, isn't it?" I asked him.

"About thirty thousand."

"Why is it so especially civilized?"

"It just is, y'know," he answered. "There's polo there."

"But polo doesn't make civilization," I said.

"Oh, yes, it does," he insisted. "I mean to say wherever you find polo you find good clubs and good society and—usually—good tea."

This and further rumors of a like nature, plus some pleasant letters of introduction, caused my companion and me to remove ourselves, one afternoon, from Denver to the vaunted seat of civilization, some miles to the south.

Polite Society in the Rockies

COLORADO SPRINGS is somewhat higher than Denver and seems to nestle closer to the mountains. The moment you alight from the train and see the park, facing the station and the pleasant façade of the Antlers Hotel beyond, you feel the peculiar charm of the little city. It is well laid out, with very wide streets, very good public buildings and office buildings, and really remarkable homes.

The homes of Colorado Springs explain the place. They are of every variety of architecture, and are inhabited by a corresponding variety of people. You will see half-timbered English houses built by Englishmen and Scots; Southern colonial houses built by people from the South Atlantic States; New England colonial houses built by families that have migrated from the regions of Boston and New York; one-story houses built by people from Hawaii, and a large assortment of other houses, ranging from Queen Anne to Cape Cod cottages; from Italian villas to Spanish palaces; from a Grand Trianon at Broadmoor to an amazing Tudor castle at Glen Eyrie.

The society is as cosmopolitan as the architecture. It has been drawn with perfect impartiality from the well-to-do class in all parts of the country and has been assembled in this charming garden town with, for the most part, a common reason—to fight against tuberculosis. This does not mean, of course, that the majority of people in Colorado Springs are victims of tuberculosis, but only that, in many instances, families have moved there because of the affliction of one member.

The Clubs, for Instance

I SAY "affliction." Literally, I suppose the word is justified. But perhaps the most striking thing about society in Colorado Springs is its apparent freedom from affliction. One goes to the most delightful dinner parties there, in the most delightful houses, and meets the most delightful people. Everyone seems very gay. Everyone looks well. Yet one knows that there are certain persons present who are out there for their health. The question is, which? Often it is impossible to tell.

In the case of one couple I met, I decided that the wife, who was slender and rather pale, had been the cause of migration from the East. But before I left, the stocky, ruddy husband told me, in the most cheerful manner, that he had arrived there twenty years before with "six months to live." That is the way it is out there. There is no feeling of depression. There is no air of, "Shh! Don't speak about it!" Tuberculosis is taken quite as a matter of course, and is spoken of, upon occasion, with a lightness and freedom which is likely to surprise the visitor. They even give it what one man designated as a "pet name," calling it "T. B."

Club life in Colorado Springs is highly developed. The El Paso Club is not merely a good club for such a small city, but would be a very good club anywhere. One has only to penetrate as far as the cigar stand to



"We were always turning, always turning upward"

discover that—for a club may always be known by the cigars it keeps. So, too, with the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club at Broadmoor, a suburb of the Springs. It isn't one of those small-town country clubs in which, after ringing vainly for the waiter, you go out to the kitchen and find him for yourself, in his shirt sleeves and minus a collar. Nor, when he puts in an appearance, is he wearing a spotted alpaca coat that doesn't fit. Without being in the least pretentious, it is a real country club, run for men and women who know what a real club is.

Thus Is Life Plagiarizing Fiction

WHEN you sit at luncheon at the large round table in the men's café you may find yourself between a famous polo player from Meadowbrook and a bronzed young ranch owner, who will tell you that cattle rustling still goes on in his section of the country. The latter you will take for a perfect product of the West, a "gentleman cowboy" from a novel. But presently you will learn that he is a member of that almost equally fictitious thing, an "old New York family," that he has been in the West but a year or two, and that he was in "Tark's class" at Princeton.

So on around the table. One man has just arrived from Paris; another from Honolulu, or the Philippines, or China, or Japan. And when, as we were sitting there, a man came in whom I had met in Rome ten years before, I said to myself: This is not life. It is the beginning of a short story by some disciple of Mrs. Wharton: A group of cosmopolitans seated around a table in a club. Casual mention of Bombay, Budapest, and Singapore. Presently some man will flick

his cigarette ash and say: "By the way, De Courcy, what ever became of the queer little chap we used to see at the officers' mess in Simla?" Whereupon De Courcy, late of the Lancers, and second son of Lord Thusandso, will light a fresh Corona and recount, according to the accepted formula, the story of The Queer Little Chap.

I could even imagine the illustrations for the story. They would be by Wenzell, and would show us there, in the club, like a group of sleek Greek statues, clothed in full afternoon regalia of the most unbelievable smoothness—looking, in short, not at all like ourselves or anybody else.

Fate the Amateur

HOWEVER, the story of The Queer Little Chap was not told. That is the trouble with trying to live short stories. You can get them started sometimes, but they never work out. If the setting is all right, the story somehow will not "break," whereas, on the other hand, when the surroundings are absolutely wrong, when the wrong people are present, when the conditions are absolutely impossible, your short story will break violently and without warning, and will very likely cover you with spots. The trouble is that life, in its more fragmentary departments, lacks what we call "form" and "composition." There is something amateurish about it. Nine editors out of ten would reject a short story written by the Hand of Fate on this ground, and would probably advise Fate to go and take a course in short-story writing at some university. No; Fate has not the short-story gift. She writes novels—rather long and rambling, most of them, like those of De Morgan or Romain Rolland. But even her novels are not popular. People say they are too long. They can't be bothered reading novels which consume a whole lifetime. Besides, Fate seldom supplies a happy ending, and that's what people want nowadays. So, though Fate's novels are given away, they have no vogue.

Having somehow digressed from clubs to authorship, I may perhaps be pardoned for wandering still farther from my trail here to mention Andy Adams.

A long time ago ex-Governor Hunt expressed lack of faith in the future of Colorado Springs because, at that time, there was not much water to be found there, and further because the town had "too many writers of original poetry." So far as I could judge from a brief visit, things have changed. There is plenty of water, and I did not meet a single poet. However, I did meet an author, and he is a real one. Andy Adams's card proclaims him author, but more than this, his books do also. Mr. Adams, himself a former cowboy, writes cowboy stories, which prove that cowboy stories need not be as false and as maudlinly romantic as most cowboy stories manage to be. You don't have to know the plains to know that Mr. Adams's tales are true, any more than you have to know anatomy to realize that a man can't stand without a backbone.

This Writer Fellow Named Adams

I HAVE not read all his books, but so far as I have read, I have not found one false note. I have come upon no "lone horseman" riding through the gulch at eventide. I have not encountered the daughter of an Eastern millionaire who has ridden out to see the sunset. Nor have I stumbled on a romantic meeting or a theatrical rescue.

So far as I know, Mr. Adams's book, "The Log of a Cowboy," is preeminently the classic of the plains. One of its greatest qualities is that of ceaseless movement. Three thousand head of cattle are driven through those chapters, from the Mexican frontier to the Canada border, and those cattle travel with a flow as irresistible as the unrelenting flow of De Quincey's Tartar tribe.

The author is one of those absolutely basic things, a natural story teller, and the admirable simplicity of his writing springs not from education ("All the schooling I ever had I picked up at a crossroads country schoolhouse"), not from an academic knowledge of "literature," but from primary qualities in his own nature, and the strong, ingenious outlook of his own two eyes.

Mr. Henry Russell Wray tells of a request from eastern publishers for a brief sketch of Adams's life.

He asked Adams to write about two hundred words about himself, as though dealing with another being. The next day he received this:

A native of Indiana; went to Texas during his youth; worked over ten years on cattle ranches and on the trail, rising from common hand on the latter to a foreman. Quit cattle fifteen years ago, following business and mining occupations since. When contrasted with the present generation, is just beginning to realize that the old days were romantic, though did not think so when sitting a-saddle sixteen to twenty-four hours a day in all kinds of weather. His insight into cattle life was not obtained from the window of a Pullman car, but close to the soil and from the hurricane deck of a Texas horse. Even to-day is a better cowman than writer, for he can yet rope and tie down a steer with any of the boys, though the loop of his rope may settle on the wrong foot of the rhetoric occasionally. He is of Irish and Scotch parentage. Forty-three years of age, six feet in height, and weighs 210 pounds.

Though I met Mr. Adams at Colorado Springs, I shall, for obvious reasons, let my description of him rest at that.

Why a Rough Life Is

WHEN writing of clubs I should have mentioned the Cooking Club, which is one of the most unique little clubs of the country. The fifteen members are the gourmets of Colorado Springs—not merely passive gourmets who like to have good things set before them, but active ones who know how to prepare good things as well as eat them. Every little while, throughout the season, the Cooking Club gives a dinner, to which each member may invite a guest or two. Every member takes his turn in acting as host, his duties upon this occasion being to draw up the menu, supply materials, appoint certain men to prepare certain courses, and, wearing the full regalia of a chef, superintend the preparation of the meal, which is cooked entirely by members. Wine is not served at Cooking Club dinners, the official beverage being the club Rum Brew, which has a considerable local reputation, and is everywhere pronounced adequate. Not a few of the members learned to cook in the course of prospecting tours in the mountains, and the Easterner who, with this fact in mind, attends a Cooking Club dinner is led to revise, immediately, his preconceived ideas of the hard life of the prospector. No man has a hard life who can cook himself such dishes. Indeed, one is forced to the conclusion that Colorado is full of undiscovered mines, which would have been uncovered long ago were it not that prospectors go up into the mountains for the primary purpose of cooking themselves the most delightful meals, and that mining is—as indeed it should be—a mere side issue. For myself, while I have no taste for the hardy life of the mountaineer, I would gladly become a prospector even if it were guaranteed in advance that I should discover nothing, providing that Eugene P. Shove would go along with me and make the biscuits.

Preparing to Describe a Wonder

ASIDE from its clubs, Colorado Springs has all the other things which go to the making of a pleasant city. The Burns Theatre is a model of what a theatre should be. The Antlers Hotel would do credit to the shores of Lake Lucerne. Where the "antlers" part of it comes in I am unable to say, but as nothing else was lacking, from the kitchen downstairs to Pikes Peak looming up in the back yard, I have no complaint to make. I suppose that everyone who has heard of Colorado Springs at all associates it with the famous Garden of the Gods.

Before I started on my travels I was aware of the fact that the two great natural wonders of the East are Niagara Falls and the insular New Yorker. I knew that the great, gorgeous, glittering galaxy of American wonders was, however, in the West, but the location and character of them was somewhat vague in my mind. I knew, of course, that Pikes Peak was a large mountain. I knew that the giant redwoods were in California. But for the rest I had the Grand Cañon, the Royal Gorge, and the Garden of the Gods associated in my mind together as rival attractions. I do not know why this was so, excepting that I had been living on Manhattan Island, where information on such subjects is notoriously scarce. Now, though I saw the Royal Gorge, though I rode through it in the cab of a locomotive with my hair standing on end, and though I found it "as advertised," I have no idea of trying to describe it, more than to say that it is a great cleft in the pink rocks through which run a river and a railroad track, and that how the latter manages to keep out of the former was a matter of constant wonder to me as I traveled through. I defy anyone to describe the Gorge.

As for the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, it affects those who behold it with a kind of literary asthma. They desire to describe it; some try, passionately; but they only wheeze and look as though they might explode. Since it is generally admitted that no one who has seen it can describe it, the task would manifestly

devolve upon some one who has not seen it, and that requirement is filled by me. I have not seen it. I am not impressed by it at all. I am able to speak of it with coherence and restraint. But even that I shall not do.

Describing It

WITH the Garden of the Gods it is different. The place irritated me. For if ever any spot was outrageously overnamed, it is that one. As a little park in the Catskills it might be all well enough, but as a natural wonder in the Rocky Mountains, with Pikes Peak hanging overhead, it is a pale-pink joke. If I had my way, I should take its wonder name away from it, for the name is too fine to waste, and a thousand spots in Colorado are more worthy of it.

The entrance to the place, between two tall, rose-colored sandstone rocks, may perhaps be called imposing; the rest of it might better be described as imposition. Guides will take you through, and they will do their utmost, as guides always do, to make you imagine that you are really seeing something. They will point out inane formations in the sandstone rock, and will attempt to make you see that these are "pictures." They will show you the Kissing Camels, the Bear and Seal, the Buffalo, the Bride and Groom, the Preacher, the Scotsman, Punch and Judy, the Washerwoman, and other rock forms, sculptured by Nature into shapes more or less suggesting the various objects mentioned. But what if they do? To look at such accidentals is a pastime about as intelligent as looking for pictures in the moon, or in the patterns of the paper on your wall. As nearly as Nature can be altogether silly she has been silly here, and I think that only silly people will succeed in finding fascination in the place—the more so since Colorado Springs is a prohibition town. The story of prohibition

on the present site of the Springs. The town was then laid out and the land retailed to individuals of "good moral character and strict, temperate habits."

In each deed given by the land company there was incorporated an antiliquor clause, whereby, in the event of intoxicating liquors being "manufactured, sold, or otherwise disposed of in any place of public resort on the premises," the deed should become void and the property revert to the company. Shortly after the formation of the colony the validity of this clause was tested. The suit was finally carried to the United States Supreme Court, where the rights of the company, under the prohibition clause, were upheld.

General Palmer later, in discussing the history of Colorado Springs, explained that the prohibitory clause was not inserted in the deeds for moral reasons, but that "the aim was intensely practical—to create a habitable and successful town." He and his associates had had ample experience of new Western railroad towns, and wished to eliminate the disagreeable features of such towns from Colorado Springs. Even then, though the prohibition movement had not been fairly launched in this country, these practical men recognized the fact that Meeker had recognized—namely, that with saloons, dance halls, and gambling places, gun fighting and lynchings went hand in hand.

One of the Homeric Generation

IT IS recorded that the restriction seemed to work against the town at first, but, on the other hand, such growth as there was, was substantial, and Colorado Springs attracted a better class of settlers than the wide-open towns near by. The wisdom of prohibition is amply proved to-day by a comparison of Colorado Springs with the neighboring town of Colorado City, which has not had the same restriction.

Even before Colorado Springs existed, General Palmer had fallen in love with the place and determined that he would some day have a home at the foot of the mountains in that neighborhood. In the early seventies he purchased a superb cañon a few miles west of the city, and the Tudor Castle, which he built there and which he named Glen Eyrie because of the eagles' nests on the walls of his cañon, remains to-day one of the most remarkable houses on this continent.

Every detail of the house as it stands and every item in the history of its construction expresses the force and originality which were such strong attributes of its late proprietor.

The General was an engineer. In the Civil War he was colonel of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was breveted a general. After the war he went into the West and became a railroad builder. Evidently he was one of those men, typical of his time, who seem to have had a craving to condense into one lifetime the experiences and achievements of several.

Manufacturing an Antique

GENERAL PALMER was, so to speak, his own ancestor and his own descendant. There were, in effect, three generations of him: soldier, railroad builder, and landed baron. In his castle at Glen Eyrie one senses very strongly this baronial quality. Clearly the General could not be content with a mere modern house. He wanted a castle, and, above all, an old castle. And, as Colorado is peculiarly free of old castles, he had to build one for himself. That is what he did, and the superb initiative of the man is again reflected in the means he used. The house must be of old lichen-covered stone, but, being already past middle age, the General could not wait on Nature. Therefore he caused the whole region to be scoured for flat, weathered stones which could be cut for his purpose. These he transported to his glen, where they were carefully shaped and set in place, so that the moment the new wall was up it was an old wall. Finding the flat stones was easy, however, compared with finding those presenting a natural right angle for the corners of the house. Nevertheless, all were ultimately discovered and set in place, and the desired result attained. After the house was done the General thought the roof lacked just the proper note of color, so he caused it to be torn off and replaced with tiles from an old church in England.

Perhaps the most splendid thing about the house is an enormous Tudor hall, paneled in oak, with a gallery and a beamed barrel ceiling, but there are other features which make the house unusual. On the roof is a great Krupp bell, which can be heard for miles, and which was used to call the General's guests home for meals. There is a power plant, a swimming pool, a complicated device for recording meteorological conditions in the mountains. And, of course, there are fireplaces in which great logs were burned; yet there are no chimneys on the house. The General did not want chimneys issuing smoke into his cañon, so he simply

(Concluded on page 30)



Club life in Colorado Springs is highly developed. . . . The society is as cosmopolitan as the architecture. It has been drawn with perfect impartiality from the well-to-do class in all parts of the country

there is curious. In 1870 N. C. Meeker, agricultural editor of the New York "Tribune" under Horace Greeley, started a colony in Colorado, bringing a number of settlers from the East, and naming the place Greeley. With a view to eliminating the roughness characteristic of frontier towns in those days, Mr. Meeker made Greeley a prohibition colony.

Two Pioneers Who Were Not Thirsty

WHEN, a year after, General William J. Palmer and his associates started to build the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from Denver to Colorado Springs, a land company was formed, subsidiary to the railway project, and desert property was purchased

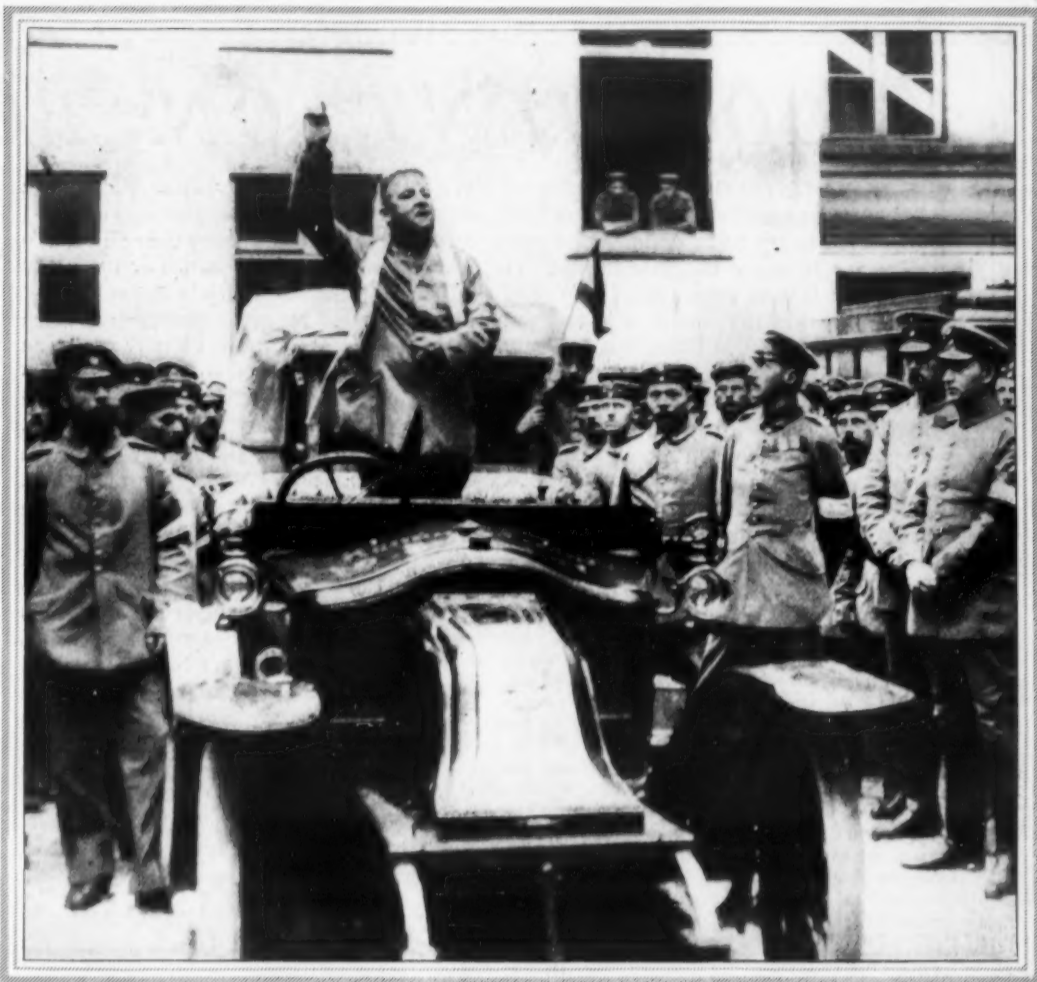


THE GERMAN EMPEROR is proud of his aviators, and he has good reason to be; for without them to find the range for the 26-centimeter and 42-centimeter guns his armies in the western campaign probably would have been beaten decisively in less than a month from the beginning of the war. Nine aviator heroes wearing Iron Crosses presented to them by the Kaiser for heroic exploits with Taube aeroplanes are in the snapshot above. The photograph was taken at aviation headquarters near the battle line. The work of the German air scouts has been no more exemplary than that of the British, the French, and the Belgians. An English aviator shot while flying over the German line is seen in the circle. A French army surgeon (center), assisted by two English Red Cross nurses, is bandaging the wound. Below is a Belgian soldier taking aim at a German aeroplane



A STRANGE WAR CEREMONY. This photograph illustrates the story of an incident to which the capture of Tientsin, G. religious dignitaries (in white) from Tokyo are seen crossing the sacred Red Lacquer Bridge at Nikko with a missionary near the Temple of Iyeyasu. Nikko, a small district ninety miles from Tokyo, is one of Japan's chief religious centers. The

to the China Coast



ARMY CHAPLAINS are not conspicuous in the news from the front, but the immensity of the armies and the rapidity with which lives are being snuffed out would indicate that the sky-pilots have all the work they can do. In our snapshot above a German chaplain is seen exhorting his men before going into battle. The photograph was taken in Belgium shortly before the great three-day battle at Ypres the first week of this month, when over half a million Germans were repulsed with a loss of about 50,000 men. And the preachers with the armies are by no means alone in having plenty to do. The women nurses at the front, particularly those behind the lines in the west, are kept busy night and day. Many go out under fire and pick up the wounded. Below is a photograph of two nurses carrying a wounded English bluejacket to a hospital ship on the Belgian coast

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ture of Tientsin, Germany's leased province in China, by the Japanese and British on November 7, is a natural sequel. Imperial with a military guard to announce the declaration of war to the spirits of the Imperial ancestors, who, the Shintoists believe, repose in religious creeds. The Temple of Iyeyasu is named for the first shogun of the Tokugawa dynasty, who was buried there in 1617

COMMENT ON POLITICS

IN COMMENTING on the results of the recent election, it is common and natural to try to be definite and specific, to try to name tangible things. It is said that it was approval of this man or disapproval of that man; or it was the tariff, or the anti-trust bills, or something else sufficiently concrete to visualize. It is not easy for persons of only average imagination to take into account a thing so vague and intangible as a human mood, a mood affecting a large part of the public. Our own guess is that mood is the largest element in what happened this month. These words were printed in this paper some weeks preceding the election:

Our own guess is that we are nearing the end, not the beginning, of a mood of "national ferment." Certainly the public mood must be taken into account by editors, writers, politicians, and all others who have to do with public opinion, whether as leaders or as followers. America is in just about the state of feeling that England had when it became very tired of the preaching and scolding of the Cromwellian Roundheads and threw them out to restore the comfortable Cavaliers. Peoples and nations have that mood every once in a while, just as they have the mood of shrill self-inquiry which has prevailed in the United States during the past ten years or so. The tendency toward conservatism will be accentuated by the European war. . . .

Quite apart from the European war, it was already apparent that there were in America the strong beginnings of a swing toward reaction, a fatigue with tumult, a tendency to shut the ears to the din of agitation, a growing distaste for the harsher and noisier leaders of reform, a tolerance, almost a sympathy, for their victims. . . .

The Progressives

ONE other of the causes of the reversal this month lies deep in the fundamental economic situation arising out of the European war. It is stated compactly in a quotation from a sermon by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York, speaking on "The War in Europe and the Social Movement in America." Mr. Holmes is himself an advanced radical and more than heartily in sympathy with the movement for social amelioration which has been the strongest single current in American politics during the last few years, but his advocacy does not blind him to facts. Mr. Holmes says:

The social movement in Europe has obviously been swallowed up by the great war. Not for generations will the world's life again be normal and men free to think not merely of living, but of better living.

Now, the most powerful of the factors of public feeling entering into the politics of this country, which resulted in the formation of the Progressive party and in a change in the personnel of the Democratic leadership, was a sentiment for "better living," the desire for the body of things commonly summed up under the term "social justice." It was a demand for the abolition of child labor, for better working conditions for women, for compensation for injured workmen, for widows' pensions, and the like. But the simple truth which we have all got to face is that all of this sort of thing has been set back for several years by the European war. "Better living" and "social justice" are, so to speak, one of the frills of civilization. They cost money.

We can get them only after the world, or an individual nation, has accumulated a certain amount of money over and above what goes for the necessities of life. The advances in civilization always come just after a period of great prosperity, when a large amount of capital has been stored up. There was such a condition throughout the world recently. But the war is rapidly burning up this accumulated capital. During the next few years there is going to be less money in the world for hospitals, for alms, for art, for literature, for any of the things which are identified with "better living," to use Mr. Holmes's phrase, or "social justice," to use the Progressive party's phrase. This country is going to be very hard at work, business will be very active, for we shall be doing not only the work we have done in the past, but the work of Europe as well. But our business is going to concern itself with the necessities of life, the profits are going to be smaller, wages are going to be lower, and the whole movement toward "better living" is going to be arrested until we accumulate another store of capital.

The Democrats

IT IS idle for Democrats to try to get comfort out of the returns. The vote in the main was a vote against the Democrats. What moved the individual voter was the wish to register an anti-Democratic vote. In all the places where the Democratic reversal was greatest the cause was the tariff. Pennsylvania, with extremely good Democratic candidates for the Senate and for Governor, polled the smallest Democratic vote since 1880.

FARMS FOR SALE BY THE GOVERNMENT

THE United States Reclamation Service has a number of irrigated farms for sale. These are located in Idaho, Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Wyoming. The Reclamation Service has compiled data concerning these farms which are of much interest to prospective settlers. These data deal with the climate, soil, elevation, and crops of these reclaimed lands. For full information, write to **COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.**

PUBLICATIONS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

THE Department of Agriculture has a number of very interesting bulletins, written in popular style, available for free distribution. These cover poultry and cattle raising, the growing of fruits, the marketing of farm products, and the keeping of accounts, and also cover much that is of interest to those living in cities, such as bulletins on the food values of beans, peas, and other legumes, eggs, poultry, cereal breakfast foods, fruit, sugar, corn, and corn products, potatoes, and other root crops, nuts, milk, cheese, mutton, and fish, and bulletins on "Meats, Composition and Cooking," "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," "Bread and Bread Making," and "Canned Fruits, Preserves and Jellies." **A FULL LIST OF THESE BULLETINS (NOT THE BULLETINS THEMSELVES) AND INFORMATION ON HOW TO OBTAIN THEM** will be sent to all those who will write to **COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU, 901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.** This service is entirely without charge.

It was fear about business. A large part of the public has got the idea that the Administration regards business with a feeling that is much like a definite antipathy. It is not too much to say that very many business men have come to feel like men under a shadow. Corresponding to that, the workman down the line is quite generally filled with fear of the loss of his job. The dislocation of family, the disturbance of ways of living caused by the loss of a job, is in most cases an individual tragedy. Nothing but the fear of this tragedy accounts for the hundreds of thousands of members of the Democratic and Progressive parties in Pennsylvania; who, well knowing Penrose's record, nevertheless voted for him. It was not merely the tariff, it was a certain apparent defiance and distrust on the part of the Administration toward business under circumstances where sympathy was more called for. In fairness it must be said that much of this resentment toward the Administration was misdirected, that much of the present disturbance of industry was caused by the war. But it is also true that the country feels that the present Administration does not have a sympathetic attitude toward business as now organized.

The Republicans

IT IS an interesting and ironic fact that the men who formed the intellectual strength of the standpat crowd are not the ones who were returned to power at the recent election. The ones who came back are the "rots and spots," to borrow a phrase from the egg trade. Aldrich, Murray Crane, Hale and Frye of Maine, Kean of New Jersey, Tawney, Root, and Burton are out of public life. Kean died a few days after the election. Root of New York and Burton of Ohio declined to run for reelection because they believed that in the state of the public mind, and with the new system of electing Senators by direct vote, they could not succeed. As it turns out, they would have been elected enthusiastically, and with backing that would have given them great power in the new Senate.

The Future

IF THE Republican leaders who have been returned think they can act with their old-time arrogance, they are wrong. The people may have tired of the tumult, but the tumult has had its effect. Some things are crystallized, never to change. If the people look with almost friendly tolerance on Cannon's return, it is largely because they know his power is gone. The general adoption of the direct primary has made the recall of a displeasing public man more easy. The direct election of Senators works the same way. In other words, the check on public officials is stronger than what it was when Cannon was in his prime. Certain things which Cannon held back for twenty years are now in existence and will not be undone—the parcel post, the postal-savings bank, direct election of Senators, and many others.

THE NATURE OF OUR OPPORTUNITY

A Message to Manufacturers

The Chicago Evening Journal, in a recent editorial, reminds American manufacturers that the trade of the world is not ready to drop into their outstretched hands; that the European war presents an opportunity, not an insurance policy; a job, not a legacy. Its value depends upon the use we make of it.

It is a timely warning. The present crisis justifies expectation, but it requires action. And before action, it demands thought, that the foundations of our commercial prestige may be laid deeper than the ephemeral conditions which have given us a temporary advantage.

It is not a matter for undue self-praise that a man is able to increase his business because all of his competitors are sick. They may get well. And the same is true of nations.

No nation may take proper pride in prosperity based upon the misfortunes of others, or take credit for business that is thrust upon it. To serve the nations—our own and others, in their hour of need—is a bounden duty first, a high privilege second, and an opportunity for profit last, though legitimately; but it is not a guaranty of permanent industrial leadership.

Leadership must be based finally upon our own adequacy, not upon others' necessity. The character of the service we show ourselves capable of rendering now, when there is no one else to render it, will determine our place in the ultimate balance of trade.

Some American fortunes are going to be created, and many others enhanced, through the present necessities of Europe and out of our own demand for goods heretofore imported. But conditions incident to war are not going to last forever.

The knowledge, the skill and the foresight which raised Germany in forty years from industrial obscurity to industrial power, will again be ready to bid for the trade of the world. The genius of France lies prone, but is not dead. England's sure grasp of the problems and the technique of world-commerce is relaxed, but it will revive.

We repeat, the war presents an opportunity, not an insurance policy; a job, not a legacy. Its value depends upon the use we make of it. It is a time for patriotism, but not for parochialism; for broad-minded conceptions of opportunity; a time for a new nationalism of high purpose, not based upon temporary advantage, but upon permanent superiority—a nationalism that will be profitable to us because it is serviceable to others.

We know that American manufacturers have the mental resources and the mechanical skill to meet the present emergency. We believe that they have also the intellectual insight and the spiritual vision to see the present opportunity in its true proportions.

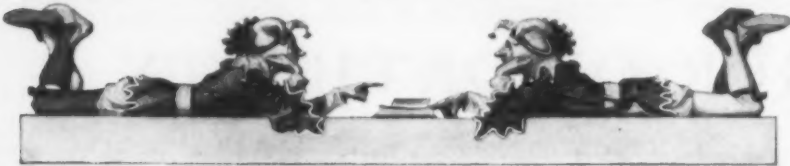
The opportunity to supply our own market is our first and greatest opportunity—therefore we say to American consumers—

LET US GIVE AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS A CHANCE TO DO THEIR BEST, BY SUPPORTING THEIR EFFORT WITH OUR DEMAND. WITHOUT UNFRIENDLINESS OR PREJUDICE AGAINST THE PRODUCTS OF ANY NATION, LET US SERVE OUR OWN COUNTRY FIRST BY GIVING PREFERENCE TO GOODS THAT ARE

MADE IN U. S. A.

E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.



QUICK SALE

A MOTORIST driving an antique car passed the vehicle gate at an Iowa fair without observing the gateman. The gateman ran after him and shouted: "Hey there! Dollar for your—" The brake jammed, the car stopped, and the owner got out. "Well, mister," he said, "guess you've bought sumpin'." —G. R. B.

MATRIMONY

Ceremony,
Parsimony,
Acrimony,
Testimony,
Alimony.

—E. K. C.

It is a positive pleasure to pay by the word for poetry like that.—EDITOR.

IMMIGRATION TO GERMANY

"Germany's large population grows, but conditions there are improving so rapidly that the Empire now attracts immigrants."—WALTER E. WEYL in "Harper's."

True. Large numbers of Russians are knocking at his Majesty's gates right now. —L. H. R.

THE SLAV PERIL

A western farmer went and sowed
A field to German millet;
The Russian thistle crossed the road,
And started in to kill it.

—C. L. E.

GIVE HIM HIS DUE

When the devil observed that the Allies and the Germans all went to heaven together hand in hand, he rushed to St. Peter and inquired angrily: "What do I get out of this war?"

"The rulers," replied St. Peter.—J. M. U.

WEARY OF WELL-DOING

William Allen White, editor of the Emporia (Kas.) "Gazette," undertook to write up an important meeting of the local ministerial association. For three-quarters of a column he gave an accurate account of the proceedings of the grave and reverent assemblage, and then, wearying of the somber tone of the story, he ended: "The meeting closed with cards and dancing." —W. M.

SOLID IVORY

By using up the Aldermen
Who flourish in our Civic Halls,
This land forever could supply
Piano keys and billiard balls.

—J. E. M.

SOLICITUDE

During the recent troubles in Ulster two men from Donegal, who were strong for Home Rule, were much offended by a rich neighbor and landowner who opposed it, and decided to take measures into their own hands.

Armed with a stout blackthorn and a shillalah, they took ambush in some bushes one evening at a point their opponent was accustomed to pass. They waited a long time, but he did not appear. "Sure," said one with deep concern, "I hope nawthin' has happened to him." —J. H. McC.

SAFETY FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS

Gobang bought a cheap little car, and he was tolerably proud of it. But the boys began poking fun at it and inventing insults.

Finally a friend told him that his car would be out of style next year, that the manufacturer had perfected plans for changing the model and making all his cars two feet shorter.

Gobang bit. "What for?" he asked. "They are going to make the little fellows two feet shorter so they can run

on the sidewalk and keep out of the way of automobiles." —W. B. H.

IN PRAISE OF OLD SUMS

THEN

If six men use nine thousand bricks
To pave a city street,
How many hours must they work
If they should use concrete?
That was the kind of sums we did
Back when I was a little kid.

If a cart wheel with eleven spokes
Is thirteen feet around,
How quickly must a bulldog run
To overtake a hound?
When teacher used to tell us to,
Those were the sums we had to do.

NOW

If beef has gone up fourteen cents
While salaries stand pat,
How shall I manage to contrive
To buy Friend Wife a hat?
The chief of all my present ills
Is—how to solve my monthly bills.

If food and rent, and coal and ice,
And kiddies' clothes cost more,
How can I make a dollar do
The work it did before?

Compared to this—my present rack—
I'd rather have the old sums back.

—LEONARD HATCH.

JOKE DER KAISER

Two men were having lunch together and therefore were talking about the war.

"If the Germans lose," said the novelist (who had a ready knowledge of history), "they ought to pick out a nice comfortable St. Helena for the Emperor."

"What I'd like," said the painter, "is to see him established in a nice, comfortable shop on the avenue with vegetables out in front and butter in the ice box and a big sign over the door: WILHELM DER GROCER." —W. M.

NEW YORK'S FRONT YARD

It was early morning on the Sound boat. Willie awoke in the upper berth and looked out the window.

"Get up, daddy," he called. "Here's New York."

"Go back to sleep," growled his drowsy father. "We haven't reached New York yet."

"Yes, we have," the boy insisted. "I can see insane asylums." —L. H. R.

BACK TO THE FRYING PAN

A New Yorker returned from the war zone with three collars and a fine new patriotism.

"Bill," he said to the friend at the pier, "I'm so glad to get home I could hug a custom inspector. Here's my baggage and I got four cents. I been kicked outa three countries. I ain't seen a reg'lar paper since the Fourth of July—Bill, did the Jints win the Worl' Series?"

"You've suffered a lot, Jim," Bill replied, "you ain't lookin' strong."

"I know what you mean," said Jim huskily. "Them Athletics done it again."

"Jim, try to control yourself. The National League pennant was won by Boston."

"The Bub-bub-braves?—you wouldn't kid a poor refugee? Did them boobies have the nerve to play Philadelphia?"

"Jim, take holda sumpin'." They beat the Athletics four straight.

There was a moment of silence; then: "Goo'bye, Bill, I'm goin' back to Belgium. Things is too blame unsettled in this country." —H. B.

POWER OF SUGGESTION

There was a war lord in Berlin
Who heard his sword clank on his shin.

This tickled him so
That he started to go

And gather the whole planet in.

—E. O. J.

The Work of War

(Continued from page 9)

SEPTEMBER 15.

along the Aisne, this was the only bridge that the Germans had failed to destroy. It was the only steel bridge of the lot.

Strange Missiles of the French

I WAS sent on here with a field line-man and an operator accompanied by Major Moore of the Signal Service, to establish a field telegraph office. They naturally selected the old Government telegraph and telephone office because of its equipment, but it is the last house on the street and exposed on the side next to the bridge, and we were forced to move further into the heart of the town, for shells or parts of shells are constantly passing through the upper stories.

The bridge has been shelled incessantly, day and night, for four days to prevent infantry and artillery passing over, but the English have never stopped.

German artillery and range finders are excellent, but the timing is bad. Over 60 per cent of their fire is wasted.

Not so the shell fire of the French. I saw some of their work to-day. Their shells seem to have the ability to send shrapnel in many directions when bursting. In a trench of German dead, men will be found killed from being hit on the head on both left and right sides.

I saw on one side of a straw stack some men killed by shell fire and on the other side were men dead without a mark on them. This must be the new explosive of the French. It is almost unbelievable, but this explosive is so terrible that the air currents it sets up shatter the lungs of any living thing within a radius of one hundred yards.

To-day I saw a pontoon bridge built, with shells exploding at the rate of about four a minute, and the men who had been stationed there since early morning said that the firing of the Germans at that time was very light.

To-day I talked with some French artillerymen, and they are strongly opposed to fighting next to the English. They say the English will push up four or five hundred yards in advance of their position, cut loose, and then, when they draw the German fire or, rather, when the Germans begin to get the range, the English will leave their guns and hunt cover until such time as the Germans think they are completely silenced. Then they will return to their guns, but in the meantime, French tactics being different, the French claim that they are forced to hold to their guns to prevent German infantry taking the English guns. Consequently they draw more German fire and are forced at times to leave their own troops uncovered, and they reap the losses while the English reap the glory.

Mark the Terrible Turco

SEPTEMBER 14.

RAIN at 4 a. m. Heavy guns were at it again at 5 a. m.; the artillery kept it up all night. I tried sleeping in the car last night. It is not so bad.

A Frenchwoman has just come in to get a stock of medicine on hand here. She says that over three hundred wounded were brought into her place last night. A good many of them had bayonet wounds, so our boys across the river must have gotten in touch with the Germans. The boys the Red Cross are unable to find are lying out in all the rain, on ground that has been wet with a two days' downpour. Casualties are going to be heavy in this battle, largely because of the weather.

The French have occupied Soissons and the country to the west and north. English lines are entrenched the other side of the river on up to Missy-sur-Aisne. We were slated to advance at 7 a. m. It is now 7 p. m., and there is no sign of advancing. It appears that the Germans have been reinforced and that General von Kluck is now in command. The Germans and French have both occupied Soissons to-day. It has been taken and retaken by bayonet charges on both sides. The Turcos have been in their glory to-day. In the trenches they have not been worth a continental, but for hand-to-hand fighting they are terrible.

This is going to be the biggest or one of the biggest battles in history.

I asked permission to go to Paris just now, and got it. The reason permission was so readily given was that they had a list of edibles about a yard long for me to bring back, mainly condensed milk, chocolate, and bread.

WE left camp at 9 p. m.; the cannon were still roaring. At the main road I had to turn to the right and go to within a short distance of Soissons before catching the straight road to Paris. This put me between the artillery fire of both French and German lines. Had to run with headlights out. It was a thrilling run, as both sides are fighting constantly, not letting up at all, night or day. Everything went O. K. until about Meaux, when it began to rain. Here I came on the first sentry guarding a bridge. Fortunately I saw the flash of light behind the barricade and had slowed down. At the cry of "Halt!" I had to pull up, all brakes set. One sentry covered me with a gun while the other advanced and demanded the password. In the lines we have no password and no way of following the daily changes of those outside the lines, but my papers and uniform finally succeeded in extracting the password for the night. I foolishly thought that now that I had the word all would run smoothly, but I hadn't gone five hundred yards when I was halted again, this time by a lone sentry. He would not let me come closer than twenty-five yards, and, with the combined noise of the motor and the rain, I couldn't make him hear me nor could I hear him, but I had the advantage of being able to see, while he was blinded by my headlight.

The more I would shout the more angry he would become, and I had to sit there and watch him work himself into a rage before I finally got mad myself, switched off the motor, and started cussing. I did such a thorough job that he finally let me pass without showing my papers or giving the word. The same thing was repeated with more or less enthusiasm about fifty times before I arrived in Paris at 2 a. m. Ordinarily I should have made the run in about three hours, but on account of the rain, mud, and numerous sentries it took me five hours. No one can pass a sentry without stopping, and one must be constantly on the watch or he is apt to come on one before he knows it, and this means a chance of being shot, so on a night like last night one has to go carefully.

And Incidentally a Wedding

SEPTEMBER 16.

WHEN I arrived at the garage I found the car surrounded, and discovered that my car had been hit five times. Whether it was done last night while between the fire of both armies or the other day at the bridge, I don't know, as the car was so smothered in mud that I would not have noticed it. It was only on being washed that the bullet holes showed up.

My reason for wanting to be in Paris on the 16th was that I had made arrangements to be married to-day, and, as the French laws are rather peculiar in regard to marriage, it is necessary that once arrangements are made they be fulfilled. Otherwise one must go through all the red tape of a French marriage over again. Leaving the red tape aside, I had sentimental reasons for keeping to the date fixed.

There was no time for a celebration, as I had to return to headquarters with the provisions I had been commissioned to bring. The purchase of these supplies was attended by considerable inconvenience, owing to the fact that all stores are under military supervision as to prices and amounts given to each purchaser. The French laws permit no manipulation of food values. With the outbreak of the war several small merchants tried to increase the prices on various staples, but in each instance the people took the matter into their hands. One instance I heard about—a woman asked the price of a bunch of onions, and on hearing the price she protested.

The protest led to a dispute, a crowd gathered, and when they heard the cause for the dispute they mobbed the grocer and cleaned out the store. This same thing happened several times. Later the military authorities took things in charge and food prices were fixed at values prevailing before the war.

In order to get the amount of supplies I was sent for I had to prove I was from the headquarters of the staff of the Third Army Corps of the British expeditionary forces. Then the supplies were gladly given. Nothing that the

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HUMOR EDITOR, COLLIER'S

416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City

French have is too good for the English now. With the tonneau of my car loaded with provisions, I started on the return trip after picking up two prominent Americans.

I cannot mention the names of these two men because of trouble in which they later found themselves. They, like everyone else, wanted to see a little of the fighting, so I consented to take them with me, with the understanding that they would have their papers in perfect condition and frame up a story that would hold water providing they were taken prisoners, and that they would find their own way back to Paris. We went out by way of Lagny, Meaux, La Ferté-Milon, Villers-Cotterets, and from Villers-Cotterets we took the direct road to Soissons, the firing line, a distance of about fifteen miles. I dropped them at Berzy-le-Sec, about three miles behind the firing lines. From there I went to our headquarters, a château near Rosières, called Ecuiry. On my return to Paris, after my war experiences were over, the first question that certain of my American friends asked was: "Have you heard from — or —?" My curiosity was aroused, and I investigated. I found that my two erstwhile companions had been taken prisoners by a French line regiment, and that the tale they told sounded so thin that they were held for further investigation. The regiment by which they had been captured was an active field regiment, and as all its men were necessarily engaged, it was impossible for them to leave a guard over these two men, who might indeed be spies; so when the regiment was ordered to advance and take a town they were forced to accompany it under shell and rifle fire. When this town was taken they were placed in a cellar under guard, where they remained for approximately twenty-four hours without either food or water before the French court-martial had an opportunity to sit. Again their tale of having been brought to the front by an American driving for the English staff, returning to headquarters after having been married in Paris, was called a fairy tale; but as their passports showed that they were American citizens they were sent back to rail headquarters for further investigation. Here they were visited by Ambassador Sharpe, who is to succeed Ambassador Herrick in Paris, and finally, after having been held prisoners for four days, they managed to return to Paris. It appears that their only regret has been their inability to talk of their experience, having been placed under oath when they were released. It is forbidden that anyone tell of what he has seen at the front. Naturally, this does not apply to those who are not caught. But for one who has been caught to violate this ruling means a term of imprisonment.

Lagny is on the Marne, about twelve miles from Paris, and on the line of the English retreat. Although the Germans have not come this far, the Royal Engineers did such a thorough job of blowing up the bridges that if the Germans had continued their advance they would have been in straits, as the Marne at this point develops into a real river and is not a brook with the name of river, as is usual in Europe.

Ravished Country Sides

THERE is more evidence of fighting from this point on in the country than in any locality I have yet seen. All the bridges have been blown up, and we crossed on temporary ones thrown up by the French engineers. Although Meaux did not receive the terrible shelling that other towns of this region show, it did not escape untouched. Passing down the principal streets, the marks of shells that have ripped the buildings are plain evidence of the terrible fighting, frequently hand-to-hand, that took place here. A short distance out of town, on the main road to the northeast, all of the trees that border the road for a distance of over a mile are cut and shattered, showing the terrible destructive powers of modern shells. Some of these trees, twenty inches in diameter, are cut completely in two. Others have had branches torn off by exploding shells. A great many men have evidently been killed here, for the trenches have been filled over and the banks of the road undermined, causing them to slide down and fill the ditches at the side of the road. These two things are done only when it is necessary to bury the dead quickly.

A little further along, at a point near

Villers-Cotterets, we came on over a hundred of the little Paris taxies. We were told they were being used by the Paris civil guard to follow the movements of the army and bury the dead.

The entire country through here is desolated. Farm walls no longer have their old-time neat, clean appearance, but they are scarred, torn, and an occasional hole is to be seen. Wheat and hay stacks are partly or completely torn down, and where the wheat and oats were cut and shocked in the field the shocks are to be seen everywhere as though they had been used as barricades or beds. The roads are lined with broken-down wagons, carts, and autos, all either on their sides or completely overturned. In the forest of Villers-Cotterets we came on a line of fifteen or eighteen German motor trucks, part of a provision train, that had been trapped on their retreat and completely destroyed, the Germans setting fire to them before they were abandoned. This is done on both sides. If there is no chance of escape, the first move is to destroy everything that may be of use to the enemy.

How They Took the Planes

SEPTEMBER 17.

A REPORT came in to-day of the capture of five German aeroplanes. A squad of twenty French cavalrymen, on a scouting expedition, came upon the enemy's planes in a forest clearing. Instead of going back for reinforcements they tackled the job of capturing the lot by themselves. They succeeded, but when it was over there were only eight of the twenty left, and most of them injured.

Harsh Truths

SEPTEMBER 18.

CAMP has not moved. The report that fighting has been very hard during the last two days seems to be true. The Germans are holding very strong positions and are apparently in large numbers. They have connected with the main German army.

This has been another day of inactivity. Firing has fallen off, though the French have brought up some heavy guns from Vincennes. They are working, but artillery fire has practically ceased, owing to the fact that the German artillery has drawn back out of range, depending entirely upon its heavy guns to hold the English in their position on this side of the river.

I don't think this is the place for me. There is no action, so I have been breaking in a new chauffeur to-day. My car has been requisitioned, making it unnecessary for me to remain. There are other places where I can be of more use.

I was talking with the major, and he says the French on the left have not been as successful as they expected to be. In fact, they have met with severe reverses, and now it is more than likely that the enemy will try and crush the British. Up to the present there have been about two hundred thousand British troops sent to France. The losses have been about twenty or twenty-five thousand, so it seems that the British are not so much a military factor as a sort of moral support to the French—but, then, English troops are arriving all the time. Seventy thousand Indian troops are at Marseilles now, with another twenty thousand of the Canadian troops on their way from England. Officers here are of the opinion that the Germans have something in reserve or they would not let the Russian army descend on Berlin as they are doing. Big things are expected any day now.

I would like to be here when the storm breaks, but I cannot wait forever.

Upon the Whim of a Gunner

SEPTEMBER 19.

I WENT out to the firing line twice yesterday, once in the afternoon and again in the evening, both times to open new field telegraph offices. The last time was interesting. I could see the flash and hear the incessant report of a thousand rifles. The road is full of holes where shells have struck and exploded, and it was thrilling to know I was passing over ground that was covered by the enemy's big guns and that they had perfect range, and that my life depended on the whim of a gunner to let me go or take a shot at me for fun. I had to carry orders at night over the same road, and had to put out all lights each time I came to a bunch of troops, and run with side lights so as not to expose them to fire; then when I came on a change

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THOSE of our friends who believe that this paper adds something to public usefulness will not find any fault of taste in our saying that **COLLIER'S** now has the largest circulation in its history, and that the spontaneity of the public demand for it rather taxes for the moment our machinery of supply.

In some degree this, of course, represents interest in the European war. Broadly, however, the situation represents tendencies in the public taste which began before the war, and which, in our judgment, will continue after it. It is well recognized within the publishing business that certain changes are just now taking place, partly due to new trends of public taste, partly to economic factors connected with the business of distributing commodities in general. It seems clear that out of these changes the periodicals whose appeal is in the general field of **COLLIER'S** are likely to attain to the secure, larger, and permanent position.

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of base of a battery I had to put out all lights while they passed, sit there and watch the flash of cannon, and not know when a shell would come my way; be shown up by the searchlight of the Germans, have it rest a moment, and then pass on.

The French have brought up a battery of nine-inch siege guns and will put them in action to-day.

The Germans are strongly fortified in the region north of the Aisne. They have put up barbed-wire entanglements to prevent night attack. As Colonel Maude, one of the English military authorities puts it, if either side were to make an unwise move at present they would risk annihilation.

A German plane came over yesterday and on its return was fired on. Our gunners thought they had hit it, but were not sure, for it fell within the German lines. Last night a French officer, accompanied by some French soldiers, came into camp and reported that they had been held prisoners close to the spot where the plane fell, and in the excitement they managed to make their escape into a forest near by, where they hid until nightfall, when they made their way through to our lines.

The Real Thing in Aerial Battles

SEPTEMBER 20.

TO-DAY I witnessed what will probably go down as one of the most thrilling incidents of the war. A German plane came over, and on its return was pursued by a French Blériot. The French machine, being by far the faster of the two, would rise above the other and then dive downward, with the hope of causing the other to lose his nerve and force him to land. This was repeated several times when all at once, whether through misjudging his distance or intent, he touched the other plane. It all happened so quickly that we who watched could not be sure, but we saw something that might have been the body of a man or a man's coat fly into the air, then the German plane crumpled up, burst into flames, and shot downward like a stone.

We thought the French machine uninjured—for a moment it remained motionless in the air, then it started to move, something gave way, and it followed the other, crashing to the earth.

To-day I informed Major Newbigging that I felt a soldier chauffeur could do all that I was doing, and that with his permission I would return to Paris. He consented and agreed to send me to Itailhead by auto, but from there I would have to go by train. At six to-day I arrived at Lizy-sur-Ourcq, railroad headquarters for the British forces. As there was no regular schedule, I was forced to wait until a train came along, and no one knew when that would happen.

I settled myself comfortably to wait when I was surprised to see a German soldier pass. I asked the French station master if it were possible, and his reply was that there were several of them

around and they had the run of the place. The English officer in charge there was as kind to the Germans as to the French. While we were still talking this officer came up and began trying the sign language on the station master. I offered my services as interpreter. After talking with the station master for a moment he turned to me and asked whether I was American or Canadian. I told him I was an American and he became very friendly. He told me of his work there and when I asked him about the Germans he replied:

"Oh, yes, they have been coming in in ones and twos for the past few days. They were nearly starved and I have given them food and then put them to work unloading cars. Do you know, they are so grateful that every night they come to me and shake my hand before going to bed."

This officer invited me to dinner at his quarters, and I accepted the invitation, but had just started eating when the whistle of the train interrupted and I was forced to leave. But I carried a sandwich away with me as I had had nothing to eat since morning. The captain accompanied me to the station and, the officer in charge of the train being a friend of his, asked him to put me up. This the officer promised to do and immediately emptied a compartment in a first-class carriage for me. I climbed in and we are assured that we will be in Paris by morning.

Pity the Wounded

SEPTEMBER 21.

WOKE up this morning and found the train stopped at Epernay. The station had been swept by shell fire and burned. It was over one hundred kilometers further from Paris than where we started from last night.

I got out and asked the first trainman I met why we were there and he explained that all direct lines into Paris were in use to transport troops, so the trains of wounded were forced to follow any lines that might be open to them. This was the first news I had of any wounded on the train. When the train started the officer in charge came into my compartment and brought a bucket of hot chocolate with him.

I asked him about the wounded, and I was then brought face to face with what seems to me the worst side of the war. There are fifty cars full of wounded all lying on straw in box cars with nothing to eat except emergency rations, nothing to drink and no one to look after them. And it often takes from five to six days before they reach their destination. It is always twenty-four to forty hours before they even reach a town where they are able to get food and drink, but their field dressings are never changed until they arrive at the hospital for which they are headed.

It took twenty-eight hours for me to travel about fifty-five miles to-day and at that I caught a fast train and covered the last thirty miles in express time.

Women's Sacrifices for the War

(Continued from page 13)

And this is where the war may yet save as many as it kills. It will be remembered that in France infant mortality was never so low as it was during the Franco-Prussian War, for the simple reason that then for the first time infants were fed and cared for by the state. It is really impossible to overrate the importance of the work which is being done by the women of England for the care of mothers and children. England will have never seen such destitution as will be upon her with the coming winter; and yet I think it would be safe to say that England has never yet seen anything like the efforts which will be made to meet it. For the first time the state has, all over the country, trained and organized associations of women workers ready to its hand. Without the "woman's movement," without, to a very large extent, the definite suffrage societies, those extraordinarily flexible and plastic bodies, this help would not have been so immediately forthcoming. We have learned to cooperate—just in time. What does it all mean?

Machinery That Lay Waiting

IT means, for one thing, that the woman's movement was one, at any rate, of our best preparations for the war. The suffrage societies, perfectly organized as they were, had nothing to do but

to turn their magnificent machinery on to the work of administering relief. They are cooperating with various social and religious bodies throughout the country, regardless of all differences of creed, denomination and party and opinion.

It means that women's opportunity has come. They can put their beliefs to the test and justify many of their claims.

Keeping the Men's Jobs Open

IT means that a great many posts held by men can be held in emergency by women. Women can and do serve as interpreters, dispensers, as veterinary surgeons, as chauffeurs, as motor mechanics; they may yet serve as special constables, as elevator men, and commissionaires. There has been, so far, an unwillingness to accept women for these posts. It is as if it were feared that if they once held them, they would never let them go. In by far the greater number of cases women have offered themselves in order to meet the frightful embarrassment of employers whose workmen have enlisted, to keep their berths secure for the men and to give them up on their return. In many cases their services have been accepted most gladly. One woman took over the entire management of a motor garage whose proprietor was in despair. The same woman is a trained nurse and

a certificated midwife. She and about six other women are going out with a motor ambulance corps which has been equipped for field service at the front. In other cases women have been received as if they had meant to use the national calamity for their own advantage and oust the defenders of their country from their trade and place. And yet, in many instances where their services have been accepted, they are actually paying back their wages to the wives and families of the men whose places they have taken.

Future of the Woman's Movement

IT is not that women's ability to fill these places is questioned. It is only too well recognized. And it cannot be denied that it constitutes a very serious problem and a danger. Not now, of course, in war time, when the women are strung up to the full pitch of patriotism, when all they do is done in pure devotion. And not at the end of the war when they hand over their posts to the men who have returned. It is long afterward, in the ultimate economic readjustment, that we shall be faced seriously with this problem. What women can never give up is the realization that they can fill and have filled these places hitherto reserved exclusively for men. They will have to ask themselves then how far they are justified in doing the work of men when men are waiting for the work, supposing that there is not enough of this work for all and there is still women's work, and plenty of it, waiting to be done. It may be that, when it comes to women's sacrifices, the sacrifice required of them may be just this: to withdraw from any field where their competition will be disastrous to men, and to effect such a division of labor as will prove best for both sexes working for the good of all. During and immediately after the war, women, in spite of all their services, will have, as a sex, to take a comparatively humble place in popular estimation. The "woman's movement" will receive a temporary check, though women's work is becoming more valuable every day. As for women's claims, they will be nowhere. In war time there is a general disposition to rate woman, who is not a fighting unit, low. The public is of the same mind as the conductor of a certain London omnibus when he saw a woman taking the last seat on the crowded top while a "Tommy" in khaki chivalrously stood. His bitter comment was addressed to the Tommy: "It don't matter if you fall off!" I was the woman in question, and I entirely agreed with that conductor; if one of us had got to fall off a motor bus, it had very much better have been me.

This Timely War

WOMAN is still a long way off being reckoned as a fighting unit. But, as this war has broken the records of all other wars in history, so it has given chances and opportunities for women which are beyond all records, too. It has found them more than prepared to do the work of men, if necessary. And if it lasts long, taking heavier and heavier toll of men, it may very well be that there will not be enough men to fill civilian places

for another generation, and that the surplus women, more numerous than ever, will be increasingly called upon to fill them and keep the civil machine going; which will settle the question in our time. The next generation may find its solution in the perfect order of the reign of peace—or, more probably, in the existence for Great Britain of a standing army far larger than has been judged necessary hitherto.

What is very certain is that the war will not leave us as it found us. It has come to us, perhaps more than to any other nation, for that purifying by fire which nations must pass through from moment to moment of their history, the supreme test of their fitness to endure. It came to us when we needed it most, as an opportune postponement if not the end of our internal dissensions—the struggle between Unionists and Nationalists, between capital and labor, between the suffragettes and the Government, between man and woman.

It came. And it found (what some of us had suspected for a long time) that all these terrific combatants were united heart and soul on a supreme issue. By some of them it was even welcomed as a way, for the time being, out of an impasse. Like its consequence, the moratorium, it caused a saving of credit and of faces all round. What is more, it challenged all the deadly duelists; it challenged the whole nation and put it to the test.

It could not have come, for the nation, at a better time.

And the war came at the right moment for the women of England, too. They had offered themselves for just such a stupendous test. For the last seven years they have been saying: "Try us. Only try us. It's all we want." And now they are tried.

Grim Mothers and Wives

THE great fear, a fear felt by many perfectly intelligent people, was that, although women might be trusted in domestic and even in municipal matters, when it came to foreign and imperial questions they would break down. They would be worse than useless, they would be dangerous obstructionists. It was said that women would prefer peace, at any price, to honor, that they would vote *en masse* against war, against any and every war, because women hate terror and cruelty, and war is a terrible and cruel thing. And war has come, the most terrible and cruel war in history, and the women are of one mind about it with the men. They, too, would have none of the disgraceful peace that was open to us. They, too, have no desire that peace, even with honor, should come too soon. They, too, want this war to be fought to a finish. They, too, all over their own country, and in Russia and in Serbia and in Belgium and in France, are taking part in it as far as they can.

Their part in it has been called sacrifice, when the right name for it is service. Sacrifice is what is always expected of women; it is their *beau rôle*. But they don't want any *beau rôle*. They want nothing but the right to serve.

And who shall say that the war has not given it them?

The Shepherd's Idyll

(Continued from page 12)

He shrugged toward the group of jocose loungers at the back of the saloon. "You savvy this clutter of coffee coolers, I reckon?"

RUSS, with a grinning nod to the saloon, sat. "How's Luke?" "Poorly, poorly, son. Gettin' to be a old man. These tin horns an' mule skins an' bullwhackers've jest been tellin' me so. They're tryin' to talk to me about the drivin' of some new young Dakota squirt over there on the Musselshell."

"Ah," sympathized Russ. And then in a lower voice: "Been home to supper yet?"

"Supper?" Luke snarled and blazed and chewed at the end of his thin, sleet-colored beard. "Supper?"

"I said 'supper,'" mildly repeated Russ. The other's indignation towered at the evidence of such gross misunderstanding on the part of a friend. "Supper! How'd I be home to supper yet, I'd like to know, when I jest rolled off the coach box 'bout one minute ago! No, sir, I ain't been home to no supper yet!"

"Well, let's weave along then," casu-

ally proposed Russ. "I'm trackin' out your way."

Luke peered across at him with a gray hawk's eye, already slightly dimmed and inflamed, then shook his head with instant, positive negation. "Now, don't you go hurryin' me, boy," he warned bitterly. "You jest let me alone. I ain't hungry for no supper yet. I got chilled through an' through crossin' the Snowies to-day—I did. My rheumatics is troublin' me. I'm goin' to have another drink or two before I eat." He hoisted himself energetically up out of his chair. "Come on, wolverine, all! Come on, Russ! Hey, Johnnie, another slug of your ten-year-old galvanized all-around!"

AT the bar, under cover, Russ contrived to edge up close to the elder man's ear again. "An' what about Daisy out there at the house, Luke?" he hinted. "Won't she get kind o' tired waitin' for you—holdin' onto your supper so long?"

This was too much. The coach driver swung on him, outraged. "Daisy! Daisy! Ain't Daisy my own child now? Ain't

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she my own daughter?" Luke was shouting at the top of his voice. "Ain't she my own flesh an' blood—the offspring of my own body an' soul?"

"I expect she is."

"Well, then! Don't you go puttin' no notions like that into Daisy's head! She's a good girl—Daisy is. She knows her dooty to her poor old daddy—her poor old gray-haired daddy that has to drive coach every day! Let Daisy go on holdin' my supper for me till I'm ready to come up to the house an' eat it. That's what Daisy can do—like a good dootiful girl should!" He reared on tip-toe in a sudden piercing access of fury. "Do you say she ain't no good girl—Daisy?"

"I say," snapped Russ Covey, "that she's a damned slight too good for her poor old gray-haired daddy that has to drive coach ev'ry day!" He wheeled in disgust and swiftly made his way back out to the Frisco Street sidewalk.

IT was a minute or so before he was breathing normally there again. With a father like that—no wonder!—Russ had to shake himself clear of the wicked fumes of his rage, for, humorist and all, he did not fly that coppery poll for nothing. Then he stopped and considered. By rights, of course, he should be on up to the hotel for his supper. He had ordinarily—Heaven knew!—a prime, lusty, wild enough range man's appetite. But to-night the thought of food had less than no power with him; it was repugnant. Subtler, more poignant matters had him in toll.

Back to the Prickly Pear he strolled and restively overlooked its inmates. Well! Ole had certainly told him that Blackie Charlie Maire made the Prickly his headquarters. Then why hadn't the cursed Canuck dude made an appearance there once this afternoon?

And then Russ recalled the confusion he had caught Daisy Deneen in at the house this afternoon. There had unmistakably been a litter of women's clothes spread out over chairs in the front room. And Daisy had not asked him in, but had hastily stepped out on the porch to meet him, shutting the house door behind her. For ten embarrassed minutes distraction—fright, even—had been written large all over her. Was she—had she been—? The mere edge of the idea scarified him like the terrible crisscross of a knife. Yet he must stretch himself up to meet it. Had she been packing?

"Blast!" suddenly swore Russ's hot mind. "Blackie's sure to be livin' first class at the hotel. Why the thunder didn't I lope up there for supper?"

HE repaid the blunder as quickly as possible, but it was now too late. Mechanically he ate through his Chinese-cooked ham and eggs and flapjacks in the empty Continental dining room. Then he tried the other public rooms of the house, equally without luck. This continued waiting game began at last to get on his florid man's nerves. He dared ask no questions. His feeling for Daisy Deneen had long been pretty well known over the town. He couldn't afford to make her absolutely ridiculous, or himself either, if nothing out of the way was happening. Was anything out of the way happening? He loafed about the hotel a little while in blank bravado. When he turned out into the street there was a complete starless night.

He was now devoting himself again to the afternoon's cheerful exercise of rolling, lighting, and throwing away cigarettes. Once more he had a look-in at the Prickly. Then he carefully slipped out the dark side street to a point where he could command a full view of the Deneen cottage. Its windows were as black as the clouding summer-night sky. Not a lamp—not a candle—not a single ray anywhere!

THOROUGHLY disturbed, yet always braced at bottom by the cool, open-air suspicion that he was probably making a red-headed idiot of himself, Russ instinctively gravitated, ex-cowboywise, toward his horse. That lop-eared brown—Uncle Sam by name—luxuriously munched his expensive timothy in a stall of Tom Blaney's livery barn on Canyon Street. Russ didn't actually want to see or touch his horse; when he found himself standing before Tom Blaney in the stable lantern light, he had difficulty in lamely accounting for himself.

"I jammed my pony in some lively to-

day. I reckon he ain't expired on me none?"

Tom, a squat, shaggy bull of a man, tipped back his head and guffawed. "He ain't expired none, all right. But, jest the same, you come most mighty blame nigh not havin' him!"

"No? How's that?"

"I got a new fool boy chambermaidin' here now. Three-Bits his name is. Mebbe you spotted him?"

Russ nodded.

"Well, it's that there loco boy. I jest barely headed him off from givin' out your cayuse to another sport 'bout half an hour ago."

"I sure wouldn't have liked that," says Russ, easily.

"Oh, he'd 'a' had a good kind brid-

wise master—the pony—all straight enough."

"Who, for instance?"

Tom roared and rocked with stableman's delight. "Blackie Charlie Maire!"

"M-m-m-m!" Outside the dim circle of yellow beams cast by the hanging lantern, Russ quietly dropped on a feed box. "Blackie Charlie Maire, eh?"

"Blackie—the same. My fool boy gets tangled up on the deal something like this: About a week ago that Frenchified card-sharp dude ups an' buys himself a hoss. An', between you an' me, that Star O he buys is the dead spit of your brown. I don't say he's anything nigh so good a hoss, mind, but he looks like yourn."

"No?" encouraged Russ.

Tom responded handsomely: "That's it. An' Blackie's been doin' me the honor to stable with me. Well, to-night at waterin', this here weak-minded Three-Bits person shuffles your two ponies up into the wrong stalls. Then, while I'm out at supper, in trails Blackie and asts for his cayuse. Three-Bits, nat'rally, brings out your lop-ear, an' has Blackie's saddle plumb cinched onto him when I bust in an' scatter the poor boy up into the haymow with my boot."

"Did you happen to tell Blackie whose hoss he was gettin'? I reckon he ain't no great shakes at readin' brands himself."

"I told him it was your hoss—sure. Him—read brands? Not that terrier! Women an' cards an' dance halls are what he savvies. He's lucky if he knows a hoss from a cow!"

"Lord!" mused Russ. "That was certainly a narrow squeak for my little old Uncle Sam, wasn't it?"

"That's whatever. For it turns out Blackie is takin' away his Star O for good."

The volcanically churning boy on the feed box let a full half minute drift by before lightly throwing out: "Not leavin' town yet, hardly!"

"That'd be my guess," stated Tom. "Pullin' his freight." He wagged his shaggy head. "An', by the powers, there's a heap of worthless folks in this here ballwick that'd be a lots worse loss to the commoonity too, if you ast me!"

SHARP and springlike, Russ was on his feet. "Saddle up for me, Tom. I'll be back in five minutes." Before the heavy stableman could more than blink his eyes, the redhead had plunged out through the barn opening into Canyon Street.

This time Russ did not stop till he had with his own hands tried both front and back doors of the Deneen cottage. He did not stop then. Pushing on to the little shack of a stable in the rear, he found the door unlocked and felt his way inside. The one rude stall in the place was empty. Along with Daisy had also disappeared Daisy's flea-bitten gray mare Louise.

Two minutes after that, Russ was swaying uncertainly above the recumbent figure of Luke Deneen in the Boot bar. Luke, sprawled out full length in his favorite chair, precisely as he had lain there earlier in the evening, was now sound asleep, hopelessly and helplessly drunk.

The tall young sheepman once more brushed off his hat, wrinkled his brow, torturedly mauled his thatch of already sufficiently upstanding hair. "Say!" he murmured, "I got to do this myself. Alone."

Once he had drawn clear of the town shadows, it was not so dark; or, at least, it was the kind of darkness he understood. Some time before morning it would rain: little by little a divinely velvet-soft, restless promise of it had been creeping into the June air. And at this time of year—that meant a big smashing thunderstorm before the end.

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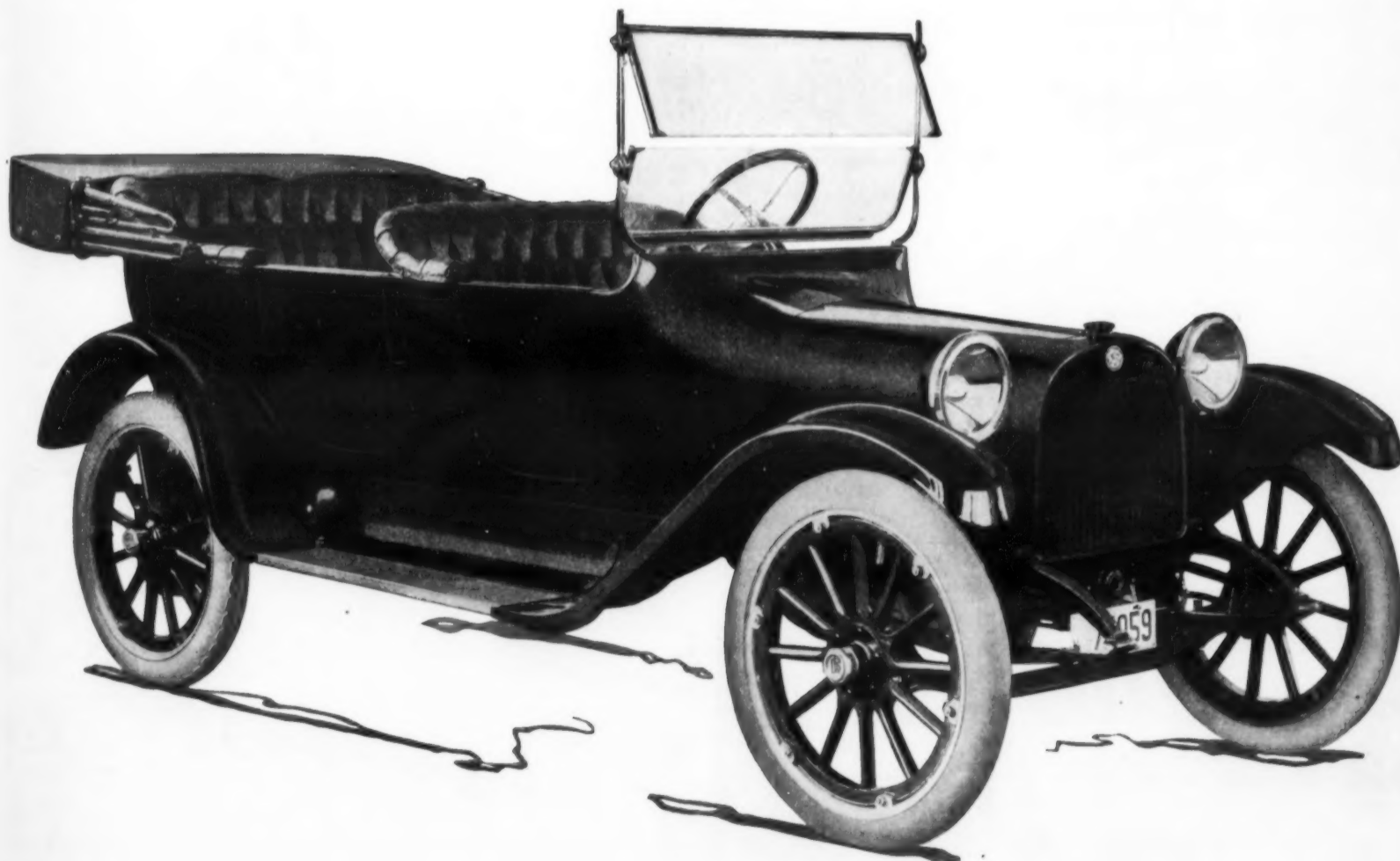
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most likely. Well, good enough—let it come! Russ felt like thunderstorms. The unbroken miles of sagebrush to the right and left of him rose up, under the faint, creeping breath of night, fresh and pungent and herby to his dilated nostrils. It was a night to ride, and the tall sheepman rode!

Fort Benton, he had figured, was the one possible trail. Yes, if Blackie Maire had actually been able to win Daisy over to run away with him, it would certainly be to Fort Benton that the crook would take her. Russ's heart, so murderously bleak for the crook, held almost no hardness, no bitterness at all toward the girl. Indeed, as he loped furiously along through the herby night air, he was suddenly melted to the very bottom of his being by a rush of warmth—a kind of insensate maternal tenderness—for the poor child. She who had never known a mother, and only that maddening sort of a father! Nobody—nobody had ever been able to come near her before. "Willful," "wayward," "untamed," did they say of her? Bah! She was as sweet and wild as a young doe antelope of the range! And now, at nineteen—made docile by the devilish charms of that snaky card sharp—in his hands—out somewhere ahead, there, on the road—in Blackie Maire's hands! "O Lord!" moaned Russ, and ground his teeth. The filthy French coyote—the black-souled, thieving French coyote! Unhook some more, Sammy—flatten out—slam loose! Cruelly the harassed boy raked his lop-ear with the rowels.

UNCLE SAM, in the merest memory of justice, should have been spared the rowels; needed no rowels. A former famous cutting pony, willing to a fault, he had the appearance in action of a thick brown streak. Russ had more than once declared of him, and cleaned up on the declaration, that he was the best quarter pony, bar none, in the valley. But here hung no question of a quarter-mile lunge. It was a hundred and twenty miles from Plegan to Fort Benton! Yet Russ—commonly a long-headed and humane enough rider—behave exactly as if he were competing in a two-block Fourth of July sprint down Frisco Street. An ex-cowboy, it seemed, should take his distance into some reasonable account. Instead, Russ Covey ground his teeth and prodded Uncle Sam between the cinches with his steels. Blackie Maire had anything up to half an hour's start on them in the night!

But, no, it could never have been half an hour. At the sharp mount over the edge of a certain steep-sided coulee, some two miles out from town, the sheepman's pricked ears caught the even thud of other loping hoof beats.

"Hah!" he exulted, and sat back hard. When he had got Uncle Sam stopped, he listened intently. "Two hosses," he satisfied himself. "Not a thousand yards ahead." Again he signaled, by way of the Texas spurs, to the chunk of amazingly fleet and tough brown pony under him. "Once more, Sammy. Here we are."

THE riders of the lead horses no less evidently heard him. And, though they now obviously tried to deaden their own report by keeping off the beaten surface of the road, the desperate whipped-up pounding of their ponies' feet would ring clearly out from time to time, telling Russ all he need know. The red-headed boy, for his part, made no effort to cover up his tracks. "Here I am, Blackie!" it was as if he wished to say it, plainly enough. Eager, crouched, yet very cold inside, he leaned out over Uncle Sam's thick neck. And, despite everything the horses ahead could do, the lop-ear, stretched to a heartbreaking jump, pulled up on them hand over hand.

"Good buzzard, Sammy!" commended Russ. "Now we're talkin'. I reckon we savvy that triffin' Louise mare's curves, all plenty."

So they made up at least half of the thousand yards. Then, abruptly, all sound ahead definitely ceased.

"Hey, that's funny, ain't it?" Reluctantly Russ eased the cutting pony down. "Unless the coyote means bushwhackin'," he mumbled. He tried to peer up the road before him into the blackness, but that was, of course, no good. Then an automatic flash of minute range topography settled everything in his ex-puncher's mind. "Sammy, they've turned in at that there old tumble-down log shack where the crazy Dutchman killed himself—that's what they've done. Blackie's layin' low, to see if he's really

been chased or if this is mebbe only a chance shot." Uncle Sam, trembling, confused, excited, blindly tore off into his headlong pace. "Here, you! Steady—quiet! We'll jus' jog."

THEY jogged, then walked. In front of the silent, pitchy cabin, set some forty or fifty feet back from the road, the sheepman halted and dismounted, standing clear of the pale streak of road light, under cover of his horse. When the stir of his own movements had subsided, the stillness settled intense.

"Better trail on out, Daisy," Russ presently hailed the cabin. "I'm camped right here till you do."

Instead of the girl, a shower of lead came blazing out at him round the corner of the shack.

"Oho!" says Russ. "Yes, that's your kind, you low-grade skunk, ain't it?"

The first two bullets of the fusillade went whistling high. Then one laid Russ's freckled left cheek open. The last one struck Uncle Sam fair, just behind the shoulder. Russ plainly heard—even felt—the dull impact of the heavy slug against his pony's side. Uncle Sam coughed, lurched, struggled valiantly to prop himself on widespread legs. But that was mere survival of life instinct after death. Slowly the lop-ear began to buckle, at last crashing violently down, a warm, shapeless mass, to the ground. Russ followed him down, tenderly patting his neck.

"Good hoss, good hoss, good hoss!" the boy kept whispering. "Oh, good hoss, Sammy! If you hadn't stopped that one, I sure would. But I reckon she's done for you, Sammy, old hoss. Yes, I reckon she's sure done for you."

With a long-drawn, quavering sigh, very human and pathetic, the deep volume of air surged up out of the pony's lungs. Russ bent, hesitated, and just put his lips to the prostrate, warm jaw. "Good-by, old Sammy hoss," he breathed. "You was the best cayuse of your inches I ever expect to meet up with." Then, rapidly unhooking his spurs and kicking out of his chaps, he began to crawl.

FORTUNATELY for his purpose, the sagebrush grew right up to the road edge here. Nevertheless, Russ went very carefully indeed, knowing that if he made a mistake now Blackie would be certain to pot him. So, on hands and knees when he could, flat on stomach when the thinness of the cover seemed to call for that, he approached the back of the cabin in a noiseless, wide detour.

Soon he was able to use the pallid spot thrown out in the gloom by Daisy's gray mare for his compass. An old antelope hunter, he prided himself that he did this Injun sort of thing rather handily. But not till he had got well in could he make sure of the essential fact that Blackie and the girl were both afoot, standing at their horses' heads, close up by the cabin wall. And—what was this?—Blackie seemed altogether to have given over any notion of guard duty! Instead, in a torrent of swift, half-brutal, half-caressing words, spoken with a slight French accent, he was trying to comfort and assure Daisy, who, with face evidently turned away from him, as if buried against the shack, wept very bitterly.

"No, no, no!" Russ heard the girl passionately protest. "Don't tell me! It was not on the square—it was not fair and square and open!"

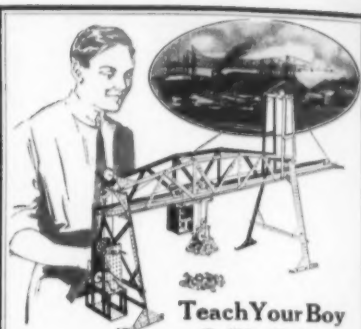
"Why wasn't eet?" demanded Blackie.

"He would never have picked off a man like that from behind a wall!" Daisy sobbed. "It was almost—like an ambush—a trap! Oh, I wish—I do so wish I'd called out to him!"

"Damn!" snarled Blackie. "What right 'ad 'e to follow us?"

THE red-headed sheepman did not bother to figure out on what ground they thought him dead. Had it looked—sounded—like that? Well, so much the better! Daisy's good words sang like a pean of old times in his brain. She was not so infatuated—she was not so altogether infatuated!—But wait! He had still that French card sharp to deal with!

Licking the thin trickle of blood out of the left corner of his mouth, Russ softly drew up to a crouch. Blackie's preoccupation with Daisy and her disquiet—that was his golden opportunity; and briefly the tall boy made his rush. Coming on them from behind the horses, which jumped and snorted as he shot by, he had the amazed gambler pinned by the arms in a jiffy. At the start of the



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horses, the ominous swish of his onset, Daisy swung round from the shack wall with a muffled scream.

"It's only me, you know," Russ explained.

"Oh!" sobbed the girl. She shuddered and gasped with relief. "Oh! I'm so glad!"

Blackie struggled frantically. A smallish man—slender, almost slight—he was as smooth, as physically subtle, as wiry, as a mountain cat. Russ's knotted muscles clamped him savagely. But in spite of everything, writhing silently there in the dark, the deft Canadian managed to whip a hand free.

In a hardly measurable fraction of a second after that the hand had a knife in it. Blackie must have felt the quarters too close for six-shooter work. Besides, a good, unexpected, un-American knife, lying snug under the armpit!

BUT Russ's range senses, trained so ardently for so many years to meet the Montana unexpected by flood and field, forestalled Blackie's lightninglike shift by instinctive short cuts. The gambler's knife launched into its descent, a dim gray meteor streak. Only, while the point of it was still some six inches off Russ's stomach, the sheepman found Blackie's wrist with his own long, wide-open freckled fingers; and the immortal Latin coup ended there in the air.

Blackie's breath came in fierce gulps, and his lithe body surged; but no whisper of a word passed between the two men. Daisy, now also soundless before the grim hand-to-hand reality of battle, had fallen back half fainting against the log wall. Then, slowly, steadily in the utter silence and dark, Russ began to lift and twist the wrist he held. Presently Blackie's snug knife dropped with a little ring to the ground. Yet the sheepman remorselessly continued to bend and twist the arm till something in it made a nasty snapping sound in the night.

"God!" screamed Blackie. "Mercy!" Russ loosed his hold and the arm flapped helplessly down to the gambler's side.

"Now, are you ready to stand still, Frenchy?" inquired the cold redhead. "I'm waitin' to go through you."

Blackie, convulsively trembling, had obviously no more fight in him for the moment. Nevertheless, Russ, with a sideways lick at the blood on his cheek, went about his business in the spirit that leaves nothing to chance. He explored the gambler flunkingly to the hat and boots. One belt gun, one pocket gun, and the picked-up knife was the result—a pretty fair and conclusive haul for a little man, the ex-cowboy figured, satisfied. Releasing the last vestiges of his clamp, he stepped back. "All right," he reported. "Now we can talk."

THE backward step had brought him appreciably nearer to Daisy, and she, with a great renewed throb of feeling, humbly reached out and touched his arm. "Oh, my old friend, my old friend!" she choked. "You are my old friend—to stick by me like this!"

"You'd got tired elopin', Daisy, hadn't you?" he said.

"I was so frightened—so frightened!" "Sure. Of course. It ain't no joke—I know it—bein' stark out alone in the world with a crook like that."

"But we were to be married!" she protested vehemently. "You're not doubting that, Russ? The instant we got to Fort Benton!"

"It was a lie. He couldn't do it." "He couldn't—he couldn't! Why not?" "Because he's got one wife, that I know of, already."

"Oh, oh!" wailed the girl. "Oh, Russ!" "A wild ranchman's daughter, she was. Over there in the Jackson Hole country, where I used to work. The last I heard of her— But never mind that."

Daisy, desperately clinging to his arm, could only rackingly sob: "Oh, Russ, oh, Russ!"

"Is that straight—you?" the sheepman unemphatically asked Blackie.

The gambler had to make a decisive effort before answering, and even then the quiver of pain was not wholly gone from his voice. "You 'ave got me, ain't you? I weell swear to anyteeng you lak."

"H'm," says Russ. And then, still to Blackie: "I'm likely the only person hereabouts that savvies that Jackson Hole matrimony. But I reckon if I was to haze you back along to town, and spring the story around a little—"

"No, no!" cried Daisy. "They'd lynch him!"

"Well," pronounced Russ. "I've heard o' lots worse mistakes bein' made than that."

"No, no! He hasn't hurt me! Except for following me over from Helena, and lying to me—he hasn't hurt me!"

THE tall, red-headed sheepman untensioned all over with a profound, involuntary, soul-unpacking sigh, as when a diver, long submerged, returns to the surface. He gave himself a little time before huskily commenting: "That was you. Not him."

"But, oh, Russ! When I tell you—when I bring myself to tell you—I needn't be ashamed! Please—please let him go! Won't you, Russ?"

"Turnin' a rat like that over to your pa and the boys—why, it's my dooty! It'd be doin' the best job for this country I ever done. Better'n stockin' up my band with any amount o' thoroughbred merinos."

"Listen, Russ! Then think of me! You'll do that?"

"Will I?" sounded the boy.

"Take me home quick! If we could get back—before anybody knew! They mightn't ever guess—I'd even tried—to run away—"

"Climb on your mare," he said. And then, turning to Blackie: "My hoss is down, so I reckon I'll have to ride yours. But I'll bring him back. Your play is to stick right here so I can see you safe on your way up the Benton road. Will I have to tie you?"

"Tie!" whispered Blackie. "So I weell not walk to Fort Benton?"

Russ debated. "I'll hang onto these guns and knives and things, of course, all right. But somebody might come along the road and heel you, and then you'd be sure to bushwhack me on the back trip. Yes," he concluded, "I expect I better tie you up some."

Daisy was in the saddle by now. Deftly the tall ex-puncher unslipped her hackamore rope—Blackie wore no hackamore on his horse. Then, very briefly, under an experienced range hitch or two, the little shivering gambler lay helpless on the ground, trussed like a calf.

"Now I reckon you'll stay," reported Russ. He picked the bundle up and carried it inside the shack. "I'll be back in mebbe an hour or an hour and a half."

ONE minute after that the two waiting horses had struck into a smart pace for town. Russ, in his first mount of the Star O, was stabbed with a sudden melting thought of the crumpled brown form, sprawled there among the sage, which had so gallantly swung him out. Poor Sammy! But no—it was simply not possible to be sad on such a night! How could you? When the world, in a twinkling, had turned so hearty, so normal, so reasonable? Russ gave the automatic sideways lick to his cheek and hungrily sniffed the wind. Mysterious and soft the restless sense of the rain blew always nearer and nearer, sweet and vivifying, yet with never an actual drop in the air. The red-headed sheepman thrilled at last under a queer idea. It seemed to him that all his past variegated twenty-nine years of life had been merely one unduly long, wasteful, yet somehow logical and just, prelude to this impromptu June night ride with Daisy Deene along the Benton road. Well, well! And he riding a filthy little French card sharp's saddle and pony! What could anybody ever know of anything?

Once he checked an instant to light a cigarette—his first real cigarette of the day. His heavy hat was thrust far back on his head, and in the sharp vivid flare of the match, cast doubly up out of his big cupped hands, the freckled brown face, the violet eyes, the coppery forelock, leaped intensely forth in the night. "Why," cried Daisy, "you're hurt!"

Russ flipped away the match. "That?" he scoffed. "That little baby crease along the jaw? Ho, ho!" He pointed out ahead. "Look, Daisy. There's the town lights. I bet you we make it all right." The girl began to cry again. "Oh, Russ! I feel so safe with you. I never knew friendship was like this—before."

VON MOLTKE

IN a recent announcement we had occasion to refer to the Chief of Staff, General von Moltke as a Christian Scientist. We learn, however, that it is not he, but a nephew of his, also a Count Helmuth von Moltke, who resides near Breslau, in Silesia, who is the Christian Scientist.

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Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek

(Concluded from page 17)

did not have them. Instead, he constructed a tunnel which runs up the mountainside behind the house and takes care of the smoke, emitting it at an unseen point far above.

Architecture and the Works of God

MEANWHILE the General played Santa Claus to Colorado Springs, giving her parks and boulevards. One day, while riding on his place, he was thrown from his horse and a vertebra was fractured, with the result that he was permanently prostrated. After that he lay for some time like a wounded eagle in his eyrie, his mind as active as ever. He was still living, in 1907, when the time for the annual reunion of his old regiment came around. Unable to go East, he invited the remaining veterans to come to him by special train as his guests. So they came—the remnants of that old cavalry regiment, and passed in review, for the last time, before their colonel.

In its mountain setting, with the pink sandstone cliffs rising abruptly behind it, this castle of the General's is one of the most dramatic homes I have ever seen. There is a sort of superb austerity about it which makes it very different from the large homes at Broadmoor, at the other side of Colorado Springs.

Among the latter the house of houses is "El Pomar," the residence of the late Ashton H. Potter. I do not know a house in the United States which fits its setting better than this one, or which is a more perfect thing from every point of view. It is a one-story building of Spanish architecture—a style which, to my mind, fits better than any other the sort of landscape in which plains and mountains meet.

Architecture cannot compete with the Rocky Mountains; the best thing it can do is to submit to them; to blend itself into the picture as unostentatiously as possible. And that is what "El Pomar" does.

Up and Up and Up

ONE day, during our stay at Colorado Springs, we were invited to take a trip to Cripple Creek. We accepted. Driving to the station, a friend, a resident of the Springs, pointed out to me a little clay hillock beside the road.

"That," he said, "is what we call Mount Washington."

"I don't see the resemblance," I remarked.

"Well," he explained, "the top of that little hump has an elevation of about 6,300 feet, which is exactly the height of Mount Washington. You see, our mountains out here begin where yours in the East leave off."

Presently, on the little train bound for Cripple Creek, the fact was further demonstrated. I had never imagined that anything less than a cog road could ascend a grade so steep. All the way the grade persisted. I have never seen such a railroad, either for steepness or for sinuosity. The train crawls slowly along ledges cut into the mountainsides, now burrowing through an obstruction, now creeping from one mountain to another on a spider's-web bridge of the most shocking height, below which a wild torrent dashes through a rocky cañon; now slipping out upon a sky-high terrace commanding a view of hundreds of square miles of plains, now winding its way gingerly about a dizzy cliff which seems to lean out over chasms, into which one looks with a kind of admiring terror; now coming out upon the other side, and revealing the main chain of the Rockies a hundred miles to the westward, glittering superbly with eternal ice and snow. It is an unbelievable railroad—the Cripple Creek Short Line. It travels fifty miles to make what, in a straight line, would be eighteen. If there is, on the entire system, a hundred yards of track without a turn, I did not see the place. We were always turning; always turning upward. We would go into a tunnel and presently emerge at a point which seemed to be directly above the place where we had entered; and at times our windings, our doublings back, our writhings, were conducted in so limited an area that I began to fear our train would get tied in a knot and be unable to proceed.

The Gold Camp

CRIPPLE CREEK is not only above the timber line; it is above the cat line. I mean this literally. Domestic cats cannot live there. And even I was affected

by the altitude. I had a headache; my breath was short, and upon the least exertion my heart did flip-flops. Therefore I did not circulate about the town excepting within a radius of a few blocks of the station. That, however, was enough.

After walking up the main street a little way, I turned off into a side street lined with flimsy buildings, half of them tumble-down and abandoned. Turning into another street, I came upon a long row of tiny one-story houses, crowded close together in a block. Some of them were empty, but others showed signs of being occupied. And instead of a number, the door of each one bore a name: "Clara," "Louise," "Lina," and so on down the block. For a time there was not a soul in sight as I walked slowly down that line of box-stall houses. Then, far ahead, I saw a woman come out of a doorway. She wore a loose pink wrapper and carried a pitcher in her hand. I watched her cross the street and go into a dingy building. Then the street was empty again. I walked on slowly. As I passed one doorway it opened suddenly and a man came out—a shabby man with a drooping mustache. He did not look at me as he passed. The window shade of the crib from which he had come went up as I moved by. I looked at the window, and as I did so, the curtains parted and the face of a negress was pressed against the pane, grinning at me with a knowing, sickening grin. I passed on. From another window a white woman with very black hair and eyes, and cheeks of a light orchid shade, showed her gold teeth in a mirthless, automatic smile, and added the allurements of an ice-cold wink.

The door of the crib at the corner stood open, and just before I reached it a woman stepped out and surveyed me.

Unforgettable

SHE wore a white linen skirt and a middie blouse, attire grotesquely juvenile for a woman of her years. Her hair, of which she had but a moderate amount, was light brown and stringy, and she wore gold-rimmed spectacles. She did not look depraved, but, upon the contrary, resembled a highly respectable, if homely, German cook I once employed.

As I passed her window I glanced at it, and saw hanging there on brass chains a glass sign, across which, in gold letters, was the title: "Madam Leo."

"Madam Leo," she said to me, nodding and pointing at her chest. "That's me. Leo, the lion, eh?" And she laughed foolishly. I paused and made some casual inquiry concerning her prosperity.

"Things is dull now in Cripple Creek," she said. "There ain't much business any more. I wish they'd start a white man's club or a dance hall across the street. Then Cripple Creek would be booming."

I think I remarked, in reply, that things did look rather dull. In the meantime I glanced in at her little room. There was a chair or two, a cheap oak dresser, and an iron bed. The room looked neat. "Ain't I got a nice clean place?" suggested Madam Leo. Then, as I assented she pointed to a calendar which hung upon the wall. At the top of the calendar was a colored print from some French painting, showing Cupid kissing a filmy draped Psyche.

"That's me," said Madam Leo. "That's me when I was a young girl!" Again she looked her silly, noisy laugh.

I started to move on.

"Where are you from?" she asked.

"I came up from Colorado Springs," I said.

"Well," she returned, "when you go back send some nice boys up here. Tell them to see Madam Leo. Tell them a middle-aged woman with spectacles, I'm known here. I been here four years. Oh, things ain't so bad. I manage to make two or three dollars a day."

As I passed to leeward of her on the narrow walk I got the smell of a strong, brutal perfume.

"Have you got to be going?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I must go to the train."

"Well, then—so long," she said.

"So long."

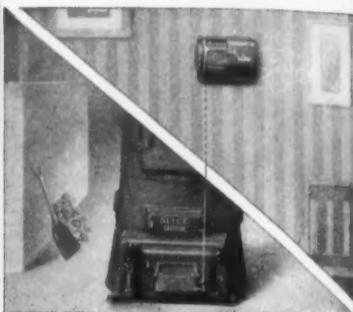
"Don't forget Madam Leo," she admonished, giving utterance again to her strident, feeble-minded laugh.

"I won't," I promised.

And I never, never shall.

The next article by Mr. Street will be entitled
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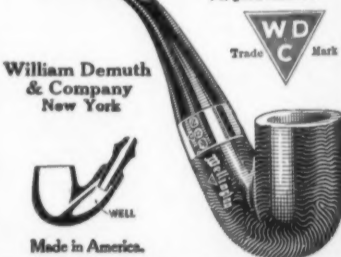


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Fu-Manchu & Company

(Continued from page 11)

the tracks of one running, as the deep imprints of the toes indicated.

Abruptly the tracks terminated; others, softer, joined them, two sets converging from left and right. There was a confused patch, trailing off to the west; then this became indistinct, and was finally lost upon the hard ground outside the group.

FOR perhaps a minute or more we ran about from tree to tree and from bush to bush, searching like hounds for a scent, and fearful of what we might find. We found nothing, and fully in the moonlight we stood, facing one another. The night was profoundly still.

Nayland Smith stepped back into the shadows and began slowly to turn his head from left to right, taking in the entire visible expanse of the Common. Toward a point where the road bisected it he stared intently. Then, with a bound, he set off. "Come on, Petrie!" he cried. "There they are!"

Vaulting a railing, he went away over a field like a madman. Recovering from the shock of surprise, I followed him, but he was well ahead of me, and making for some vaguely seen object moving against the lights of the roadway.

Another railing was vaulted, and the corner of a second triangular grass patch crossed at a hot sprint. We were twenty yards from the road when the sound of a starting motor broke the silence. We gained the graveled footpath only to see the tall light of the car dwindling to the north! Smith leaned dizzily against a tree. "Eltham is in that car!" he gasped. "Just God! are we to stand here and see him taken away to—"

HE beat his fist upon the tree in a sort of tragic despair. The nearest cab rank was no great distance away, but, excluding the possibility of no cab being there, it might for all practical purposes as well have been a mile off.

The beat of the retreating motor was scarcely audible; the lights might but just be distinguished. Then, coming in an opposite direction, appeared the head lamp of another car, of a car that raced nearer and nearer to us, so that within a few seconds of its first appearance, we found ourselves bathed in the beam of its headlights. Smith bounded out into the road and stood a weird silhouette with upraised arms full in its course!

The brakes were applied hurriedly. It was a big limousine, and its driver swerved perilously in avoiding Smith and nearly ran into me. But, the breathless moment past, the car was pulled up, head on, to the railings; and a man in evening clothes was demanding excitedly what had happened. Smith, a hatless, disheveled figure, stepped up to the door. "My name is Nayland Smith," he said rapidly—"Burmese Commissioner." He snatched a letter from his pocket and thrust it into the hands of the bewildered man. "Read that. It is signed by another commissioner—the Commissioner of Police."

With amazement written all over him, the other obeyed.

"You see," continued my friend tersely—"it is *carte blanche*. I wish to commandeer your car, sir, on a matter of life and death!"

The other returned the letter.

"Allow me to offer it!" he said descending. "My man will take your orders. I can finish my journey by cab. I am—"

But Smith did not wait to learn who he might be.

"Quick!" he cried to the stupefied chauffeur—"You passed a car a minute ago—yonder. Can you overtake it?"

"I can try, sir, if I don't lose her track."

Smith leaped in, pulling me after him. "Do it!" he snapped. "There are no speed limits for me. Thanks! Good night, sir!"

WE were off! The car swung around and the chase commenced.

One last glimpse I had of the man we had dispossessed, standing alone by the roadside, and at ever increasing speed we leaped away in the track of Eltham's captors.

Smith was too highly excited for ordinary conversation, but he threw out short, staccato remarks.

"I have followed Fu-Manchu from Hongkong," he jerked. "Lost him at

Suez. He got here a boat ahead of me. Eltham has been corresponding with some mandarin up country. Knew that. Came straight to you. Only got in this evening. He—Fu-Manchu—has been sent here to get Eltham. My God! and he has him! He will question him! The interior of China—a seething pot, Petrie! They had to stop the leakage of information. He is here for that."

The car pulled up with a jerk that pitched me out of my seat, and the chauffeur leaped to the road and ran ahead. Smith was out in a trice, as the man, who had run up to a constable, came racing back.

"Jump in, sir—jump in!" he cried, his eyes bright with the lust of the chase. "they are making for Battersea!"

And we were off again.

THROUGH the empty streets we roared on. A place of gasometers and desolate, waste lots slipped behind and we were in a narrow way where gates of yards and a few lowly houses faced upon a prospect of high, blank wall.

"Thames on our right," said Smith peering ahead. "His rat hole is by the river as usual. *Hi!*" he grabbed up the speaking tube—"Stop! Stop!"

The limousine swung into the narrow sidewalk and pulled up close by a yard gate. I, too, had seen our quarry—a long, low-bodied car, showing no inside lights. It had turned the next corner where a street light shone greenly not a hundred yards ahead.

Smith leaped out and I followed him. "That must be a cul-de-sac," he said and turned to the eager-eyed chauffeur. "Run back to that last turning," he ordered, "and wait there out of sight. Bring the car up when you hear a police whistle."

The man looked disappointed, but did not question the order. As he began to back away, Smith grasped me by the arm and drew me forward.

"We must get to that corner," he said, "and see where the car stands without showing ourselves."

I SUPPOSE we were not more than a dozen paces from the lamp when we heard the thudding of the motor. The car was backing out!

It was a desperate moment, for it seemed that we could not fail to be discovered. Nayland Smith began to look about him feverishly, for a hiding place, a quest which I seconded with equal anxiety. And Fate was kind to us—doubly kind as later events revealed. A wooden gate broke the expanse of wall hard by upon the right, and, as the result of some recent accident, a ragged gap had been torn in the panels close to the top. The chain of the padlock hung loosely; and in a second Smith was up, with his foot in this as in a stirrup. He threw his arm over the top and drew himself upright. A second later he was astride the broken gate.

"Up you come, Petrie!" he said, and reached down his hand to aid me.

I got my foot into the loop of chain, grasped at a projection in the gatepost, and found myself up.

"There is a crossbar on this side to stand on," said Smith.

He climbed over and vanished in the darkness. I was still astride of the broken gate when the car turned the corner slowly, for there was scanty room; but I was standing upon the bar on the inside and had my head below the gap ere the driver could possibly have seen me.

"Stay where you are until he passes," hissed my companion below. "There is a row of kegs under you."

THE sound of the motor passing outside grew loud—louder—then began to die away. I felt about with my left foot, discerned the top of a keg, and dropped, panting, beside Smith.

"Phew!" I said—"that was a close thing! Smith—how do we know—"

"That we have followed the right car?" he interrupted. "Ask yourself the question: what would any ordinary man be doing motoring in a place like this at two o'clock in the morning?"

"You are right, Smith," I agreed. "Shall we get out again?"

"Not yet. I have an idea. Look yonder."

He grasped my arm, turning me in the desired direction.

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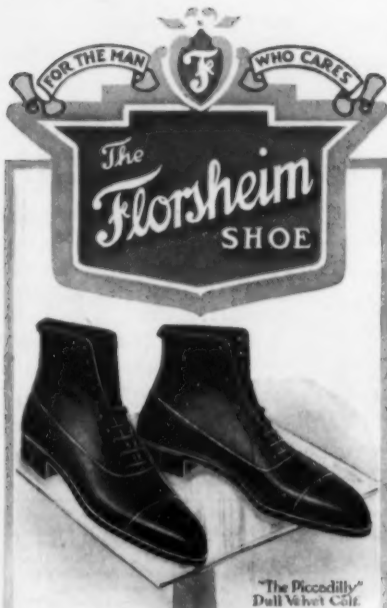
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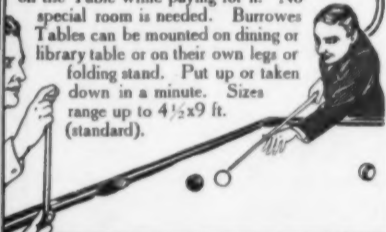
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Beyond a great expanse of unbroken darkness a ray of moonlight slanted into the place wherein we stood, spilling its cold radiance upon rows of kegs.

"That's another door," continued my friend—I now began dimly to perceive him beside me. "If my calculations are not entirely wrong, it opens on a wharf gate—"

A STEAM siren hooted dismally, apparently from quite close at hand. "I'm right!" snapped Smith. "That turning leads down to the gate. Come on, Petrie!"

He directed the light of the electric torch upon a narrow path through the ranks of casks, and led the way to the farther door. A good two feet of moonlight showed along the top. I heard Smith straining, then:

"These kegs are all loaded with grease!" he said—"and I want to reconnoiter over that door."

"I am leaning on a crate which seems easy to move," I reported. "Yes, it's empty. Lend a hand."

We grasped the empty crate, and, between us, set it up on a solid pedestal of kegs. Then Smith mounted to this observation platform and I scrambled up beside him, and looked down upon the lane outside.

It terminated as Smith had foreseen at a wharf gate some six feet to the right of our post. Piled up in the lane beneath us, against the warehouse door, was a stack of empty kegs.

Beyond, over the way, was a kind of ramshackle building that had possibly been a dwelling house at some time. Bills were stuck in the ground-floor windows indicating that the three floors were to let as offices; so much was discernible in the reflected moonlight. I could hear the tide lapping upon the wharf, could feel the chill from the river and hear the vague noises which, night nor day, never cease upon the great commercial waterway.

"Down!" whispered Smith. "Make no noise! I suspected it. They heard the car following!"

I obeyed, clutching at him for support; for I was suddenly dizzy, and my heart was leaping wildly—furiously.

"You saw her?" he whispered.

SAW her! yes, I had seen her! And my poor dream world was toppling about me, its cities ashes and its fairness dust. Peering from the window, her great eyes wondrous in the moonlight and her red lips parted, hair gleaming like burnished foam and her anxious gaze set upon the corner of the lane—was Karamanèh... Karamanèh whom we had once rescued from the house of this fiendish Chinese doctor; Karamanèh who had been our ally; in fruitless quest of whom—I realized, when too late, how empty my life was become—I had wasted what little of the world's goods I possessed; Karamanèh!

"Poor old Petrie," murmured Smith—"I knew, but I hadn't the heart—He has her again—God knows by what chains he holds her. But she's only a woman, old boy, and women are very

much alike—very much alike from Charing Cross to Pagoda Road."

He rested his hand on my shoulder for a moment; I am ashamed to confess that I was trembling; then, clenching my teeth with that mechanical physical effort which often accompanies a mental one, I swallowed the bitter draft of Nayland Smith's philosophy. He was raising himself, to peer, cautiously, over the top of the door. I did likewise.

The window from which the girl had looked was nearly on a level with our eyes, and as I raised my head above the woodwork, I quite distinctly saw her go out of the room. The door, as she opened it, admitted a dull light against which her figure showed silhouetted for a moment. Then the door was reclosed.

"We must risk the other windows," rapped Smith.

BEFORE I had grasped the nature of his plan he was over and had dropped almost noiselessly upon some casks outside. Again I followed his lead.

"You are not going to attempt anything single-handed—against him?" I asked.

"Petrie—Eltham is in that house. He has been brought here to be put to the question, in the medieval and Chinese sense! Is there time to summon assistance?"

I shuddered. This had been in my mind, certainly, but so expressed it was definitely horrible—revolting, yet stimulating.

"You have the pistol," added Smith—"follow closely and—quietly."

He walked across the tops of the kegs and leaped down, pointing to that nearest to the closed door of the house. I helped him place it under the open window. A second we set beside it, and, not without some noise, got a third on top.

Smith mounted. He swung thence into the darkened room. I followed and was in close upon his heels.

There are things that one seeks to forget, but it is my lot often to remember the sound which at that moment literally struck me rigid with horror. Yet it was only a groan; but, merciful God! I pray that it may never be my lot to listen to such a groan again.

Smith drew a sibilant breath. "It's Eltham!" he whispered hoarsely—"they're torturing!"

"No, no!" screamed a woman's voice—a voice that thrilled me anew, but with another emotion—"Not that, not—"

I distinctly heard the sound of a blow. Followed a sort of vague scuffling. A door somewhere at the back of the house opened—and shut again. Some one was coming along the passage toward us!

"Stand back!" Smith's voice was low, but perfectly steady. "Leave it to me!"

NEARER came the footsteps and nearer. I could hear suppressed sobs. The door opened, admitting again the faint light—and Karamanèh came in. The place was quite unfurnished, offering no possibility of hiding; but to hide was unnecessary.

Her slim figure had not crossed the



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threshold ere Smith had his arm about the girl's waist and one hand clapped to her mouth. A stifled gasp she uttered, and he lifted her into the room.

"Shut the door, Petrie," he directed.

I STEPPED forward and closed the door. A faint perfume stole to my nostrils—a vague, elusive breath of the East, reminiscent of strange days that now seemed to belong to a remote past. Karamanèh!

"In my breast pocket," rapped Smith; "the light." I bent over the girl as he held her. She was quite still, but I could have wished that I had had more certain mastery of myself. I took the torch from Smith's pocket and, mechanically, directed it upon the captive.

She was dressed very plainly, wearing a simple blue skirt and white blouse. It was easy to divine that it was she whom Eltham had mistaken for a French maid. A brooch set with rubies was pinned at the point where the blouse opened, gleaming fiercely and harshly against the soft skin. Her face was pale and her eyes wide with fear.

"There is some cord in my right hand pocket," said Smith; "I came provided. Tie her wrists."

I obeyed him silently. The girl offered no resistance, but I think I never essayed a less congenial task than that of blinding her white wrists. The jeweled fingers lay quite listlessly in my own.

"Make a good job of it!" rapped Smith significantly. A flush rose to my cheeks, for I knew well enough what he meant.

"She is fastened," I said and I turned the ray of the torch upon her again.

Smith removed his hand from her mouth but did not relax his grip of her. She looked up at me with eyes in which I could have sworn there was no recognition. But a flush momentarily swept over her face, and left it pale again.

"We shall have to gag her—"

"Smith, I can't do it!"

THE girl's eyes filled with tears and she looked up at my companion pitifully. "Please don't be cruel to me," she whispered with that soft accent which always played havoc with my composure. "Everyone—everyone—is cruel to me. I will promise—indeed I will swear to be quiet. Oh, believe me, if you can save him, I will do nothing to hinder you." Her beautiful head dropped. "Have some pity for me as well."

"Karamanèh," I said. "We would have believed you once. We cannot now."

She started violently.

"You know my name!" Her voice was barely audible. "Yet I have never seen you in my life—"

"See if the door locks," interrupted Smith harshly.

Dazed by the apparent sincerity in the voice of our lovely captive—vacant from wonder of it all—I opened the door, felt for and found a key.

We left Karamanèh crouching against the wall. From beneath a door on the left, and near the end, a brighter light shone. Beyond that again was another door. A voice was speaking in the lighted room, yet I could have sworn that Karamanèh had come, not from there but from the room beyond—from the far end of the passage.

BUT the voice—who, having once heard it, could ever mistake that singular voice, alternately guttural and sibilant! Dr. Fu-Manchu was speaking!

"I have asked you," came with ever-increasing clearness (Smith had begun to turn the knob) "to reveal to me the name of your correspondent in Nan-Yang. I have suggested that he may be the Mandarin Yen-Sun-Yat, but you have declined to confirm me. Yet I know" (Smith had the door open a good three inches and was peering in) "that some official, some high official is a traitor. Am I to resort again to the question to learn his name?"

Ice seemed to enter my veins at the unseen inquisitor's intonation of the words "the question." This was the

twentieth century; yet there, in that damnable room . . .

Smith threw the door open.

Through a sort of haze, born mostly of horror, but not entirely, I saw Eltham, stripped to the waist and tied with his arms upstretched to a rafter in the ancient ceiling. A Chinaman who wore a slop-shop blue suit and who held an open knife in his hand stood beside him. Eltham was ghastly white. The appearance of his chest puzzled me momentarily, then I realized that a sort of tourniquet of wire netting was screwed so tightly about him that the flesh swelled out in knobs through the mesh. There was blood—

"God in heaven!" screamed Smith frenziedly—"they have the wire jacket on him. Shoot down that damned Chinaman, Petrie! Shoot! Shoot!"

LITHELY as a cat the man with the knife leaped around—but I raised the pistol, and deliberately—with a cool deliberation that came to me suddenly—shot him through the head. I saw his oblique eyes turn up to the whites; I saw the mark squarely between his brows; and with no word nor cry he sank to his knees and toppled forward with one yellow hand beneath him and one outstretched, clutching—clutching—convulsively. His pigtail came unfastened and began to uncoil slowly like a snake.

I took up the bloody knife from the floor and cut Eltham's lashings. He sank into my arms.

"Praise God," he murmured weakly. "He is more merciful to me than perhaps I deserve. Unscrew . . . the jacket, Petrie . . . I think . . . I was very near to . . . weakening. Praise the good God, who . . . gave me . . . fortitude. . ."

I got the screw of the accursed thing loosened, but the act of removing the jacket was too agonizing for Eltham—man of iron though he was. I laid him swooning on the floor.

"Where is Fu-Manchu?"

Nayland Smith from just within the door, threw out the query in a tone of stark amazement.

The room was innocent of furniture, save for heaps of rubbish on the floor, and a tin oil lamp hung on the wall. The dead Chinaman lay close beside Smith. There was no second door, the one window was barred and from this room we had heard the voice, the unmistakable, unforgettable voice of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

But Dr. Fu-Manchu was not there!

NEITHER of us could accept the fact for a moment; we stood there, looking from the dead man to the tortured man who only swooned, in a state of helpless incredulity. Then the explanation flashed upon us both, and with a cry of rage Smith leaped along the passage to the second door. It was wide open. I stood at his elbow when he swept its emptiness with the pocket lamp.

There was a speaking tube fixed between the two rooms!

Smith literally ground his teeth.

"Yet, Petrie," he said, "we have learned something. Fu-Manchu had evidently promised Eltham his life if he would divulge the name of his correspondent. He meant to keep his word; it is a sidelight on his character."

"How so?"

"Eltham has never seen Dr. Fu-Manchu, but Eltham knows certain parts of China better than you know the Strand. Probably, if he saw Fu-Manchu, he would recognize him for whom he really is, and this, it seems, the Doctor is anxious to avoid."

WE ran back to where we had left Karamanèh. The room was empty!

"Defeated, Petrie!" said Smith bitterly. "The Yellow Devil is loosed on London again!" He leaned from the window and the skirl of a police whistle split the stillness of the night.

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